

# The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

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## Literary Notes

**T**HE figures of Jonathan, David and Samson in the Blackmore Memorial Window at Exeter are intended to be symbolical of the character of John Ridd, of "Lorna Doone" fame. The subscribers to the memorial include many Americans. The wording, surely somewhat shaky in grammar as regards line 1, on the tablet beneath the window is:

This Tablet with the window above are a tribute of admiration and affection to the memory of

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, M.A.

Son of the Rev. John Blackmore, Educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and Exeter College, Oxford (Scholar)

Barrister of the Middle Temple, 1852

Author of "Lorna Doone," "Springhaven," and other works

Born at Longworth, Berks, 7 June, 1825

Died at Teddington, Middlesex, 20 Jan. 1900

"Insight, and humour, and the rhythmic roll  
Of antique lore, his fertile fancies sway'd,  
And with their various eloquence array'd  
His sterling English, pure and clean and whole."

"He added Christian courtesy, and the humility  
of all thoughtful minds, to a certain grand  
and glorious gift of radiating humanity."  
"Cradock Nowell."

As Mr. William Sharp points out in his interesting article on "The Country of George Meredith" in the "Pall Mall Magazine," "there is no living writer so saturated with the spirit of Nature in England as this rare poet." This article is one of a series on "Literary Geography," a cumbersome name for a good thing, which deal with—as far as I have read them—the landscape backgrounds painted by various great writers. Undoubtedly a suggestive and pictorial subject, but not so suggestive as would be a scientific study of the influence of scenery upon literature. Had Burns been born in London, Dickens in Glasgow, Shakespeare in Ireland, would they have written at all, and if so, what would they have given us? That point is, of course, one of merely curious speculation.

BUT there would be real use in studying the effect of natural environment upon literature; first upon broad lines, the difference in the works of writers of northern climes and of southern; the fundamental distinctions between the literature of France, Germany, our own country, and others; then the influence of mountain scenery, of the sea, of the flat-lands, of forests, and so forth. No definite result might be the outcome of such

an inquiry, yet something interesting might come of it. This age prides itself upon being scientific in its methods, yet how little, if anything, of scientific method enters into literary criticism. "I like this" and "I do



SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.

*[Photo. Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square]*

not like that," that is the beginning and the end of literary criticism, of art and of musical criticism also. There is the danger of pedantry, of attempting to measure the immeasurable with a foot-rule, of weighing genius in the scales as one weighs diamonds; on the other

hand there is that uneducated impressionism which permits young critics to rush in where their elders and betters tread with anxious steps.

THE London Shakespeare League Commemoration Dinner on Saturday last was a very pleasant function. Dr. Furnivall, the President of the League, occupied the chair, and was felicitous in proposing the toast in "honor" of Shakespeare. Why honor? Among other speakers who added to the enjoyment of the evening may be named Dr. W. Blake-Olders, K.C., Professor Gollancz, and the Chairman of the London County Council. It is to be hoped that the work of the League will increase and prosper until at last London has no longer cause for shame in its neglect of the fame of its greatest citizen.

THE Oxford Historical Society is to be congratulated upon the collection it has gathered together of portraits in the new Examination Schools. This, the first it is hoped of a series of exhibitions, is confined to portraits of those who died before the year 1625, the pictures being selected from the College and other collections in and around Oxford. The earliest portrait is that of Edward III.; other notable canvases are Henry VIII., Henry, Prince of Wales, Archbishop Warham by Holbein, Sir Henry Lee by Sir Anthony More, Sir W. Cordell by Cornelius de Zeeu, and William Tyndale. Unfortunately the exhibition closes on May 26, so many of us will see it not.

A DISTINGUISHED Field-Marshal has written in the following terms of the character of Gerald Federan in Mrs. Craigie's novel, "The Vineyard": "The drawing of the man's nature is wonderful. The differences between moral and physical courage are seldom understood by the average observer, but it is a fact that many men who have won great distinction as riders, as winners of the V.C. and the like, have shown, in private life and in their relations with women, inconstancy, weakness and actual meanness. Federan's character is drawn with absolute fidelity to the facts and experience of men who know life as it is."

THE annual meeting of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland will be held at Stationers' Hall, London, on Friday, May 6, at four o'clock. In connection with the annual meeting, arrangements have been made for a visit to Windsor on Saturday, May 7, when there will be a luncheon at the White Hart Hotel, and arrangements have been made to visit the Castle and other places of interest.

THE scene of Mr. John Oxenham's new story, to be published in the autumn, probably under the title "Hearts in Exile," is laid in Siberia, the tale dealing with exiles in that cold land. There is a flavour of "Enoch Arden" in the plot.

THE Earl of Idlesleigh has written a novel, "Charms," which will be published by Mr. John Lane.

MRS. JACOB spent many of her early years in Forfarshire, which accounts for the singular vividness of the "landscapes" in "The Interloper," quite one of the most human stories recently published, sane, sound and human. Of how few novels of to-day can so much be truthfully said.

ROYAL Historical Society, April 21, the President (Dr. G. W. Prothero) in the chair; the following were elected Fellows of the Society: P. A. G. Brönnk, J. A. C. Deas. The following libraries were admitted as subscribing libraries: Royal Institution, Chelsea Public Library and the Victoria Legislative Library, British Columbia. A paper was read by Miss Rose Graham, F.R.Hist.S., on "The Finance of a Religious House (Malton Priory) in the Thirteenth Century (1244-1258)." A short discussion followed in which the President, the Director, Mr. Hubert Hall, and the Secretary, Mr. H. E. Malden, took part. The Director communicated Part II. of "Peter's Pence in England," prepared by the Rev. O. Jensen, Ph.D., for the Society.

In succession to the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., has been elected President of the London Library. It would have been difficult to have made a more admirable selection. Mr. Balfour is indeed an all-round man—reader, writer, musician and—politician. Mr. Frederic Harrison has been elected Vice-President, another excellent choice. The London Library is to be congratulated.

TICKETS can still be obtained for the afternoon concert at Grosvenor House on May 10 in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of Lower Brixham Church, of which the author of "Abide with Me" was Vicar. Among those who have kindly promised to assist are Madame Clara Butt, Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Madame Louise Dale, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Denham Price, Mr. W. H. Squire and Mr. Arthur Bouchier; a delightful afternoon is therefore assured. Tickets can be obtained from Messrs. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street; Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd., 50 New Bond Street, W.; Chappell's Box Office, Queen's Hall; Messrs. Metzler, Musical Agency, 42 Great Marlborough Street, W.; Ashton's Royal Library, 38 Old Bond Street; or F. G. Evans & Co., 104 Wigmore Street, W. One thousand pounds is still wanted to complete the necessary sum, and of this £100 has been promised by an anonymous donor provided that the remainder (£900) be raised by May 10. Subscriptions should be sent to the Reverend Stewart Sim, The Vicarage, Lower Brixham, Devon.

MR. THOMAS THORP sends some quaint and pretty pictorial post-cards, giving views of Windsor Castle, Reading in 1823, and of various Berkshire seats.

ON May 2, Prof. Henry Jones being unable to be present at this meeting, Mr. G. E. Moore will read a paper on "Kant's Idealism" before the Aristotelian Society. On June 6, at the annual meeting to receive the report of the Session, and for the election of officers, the President, Prof. G. F. Stout, will read a paper on "Primary and Secondary Qualities."

"THE CENTURY" for May contains some capital illustrations and reading matter. Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., contributes an article full of intimate knowledge on "The Mother of Parliaments," descriptive of life in the House of Commons, with very clever pictures by André Castaigne; then there is the opening of Dr. Weir Mitchell's curious experiment "The Youth of Washington," told in the form of an Autobiography. Of the illustrations, perhaps the most interesting is the reproduction of a photograph of Tolstoi at twenty-nine, as an officer in the Crimean War.

THE Annual Conference of Jewish Literary Societies will be held at Jews' College, Queen Square House, Guilford Street, W.C., on Sunday, June 26, 1904. The morning session will be devoted to the reading of papers on Jewish literary subjects, and in the afternoon the annual business of the Union of Jewish Literary

was edited by S. W. Singer in 1820; and the Poems of T. Stanley were edited, with a preface, by Sir E. Brydges in 1814. The "Poems and Psalms" of Bishop King were reprinted by Dr. Hannah so recently as 1843; while the works of Bishop Hall, edited in 1808 and again in 1863, were re-presented to us in 1879 by Dr. Grosart.



JONATHAN



DAVID



SAMSON

The Blackmore Memorial Window in Exeter Cathedral. Unveiled April 26, 1904

[Reduced from Photographs of the Window designed by Messrs. Percy Bacon & Brothers, of London]

Societies will be transacted. In the evening the retiring President of the Union, Professor Israel Gollancz, F.B.A., will preside at a dinner to be held in the Wharnccliffe Rooms, Hôtel Great Central, Marylebone Road, N.W.

## Bibliographical

THE small poets whom Professor Saintsbury proposes to resuscitate shortly should be grateful to him. Of Ayres, Beedome, Benlowe, Cleveland, Flatman, Flecknoe, Godolphin, Gomersall, Heath and Kynaston there have been, I believe, no modern editions; I doubt if some of them have ever been reprinted. Nor, in the case of most of them, is there any reason to regret the fact. Cleveland wrote some vigorous stuff, but all the rest of the above named are best represented in anthologies, if they are to be represented at all. Some of the Professor's other favourites have already received a measure of attention from their posterity. Thus, Patrick Carey's "Trivial Poems and Triolets" were reproduced under the editorship of Sir Walter Scott in 1820—in which year, also, Chamberlayne's "Love's Victory" was reprinted. Then the Poems of Patrick Hannay were reissued by the Hunterian Club in 1875; Marmion's "Cupid and Psyche"

The two Bishops, I think, might very well have been omitted from the Professor's scheme. They are in no need of an advertisement.

Messrs. Routledge continue active, it appears, in their revivification of the "half-forgotten." They promise us reproductions of Amory's "John Bunclie," Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko," Brooke's "Fool of Quality," Sarah Fielding's "David Simple," and Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest." The last named was issued by Messrs. Routledge themselves in 1882, 12mo, pp. 429; will they reprint this, or re-set the book? During last century the "Romance" was published in 1810, 1824, 1825, 1846 and 1877—perhaps in other years. The most recent edition of "The Fool of Quality" is, it appears, that of 1872, which was rendered possible, no doubt, by that of 1859, edited by Charles Kingsley. "The Fool," by the way, had the honour of being abridged by John Wesley. Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko" seems to have been reprinted so lately as 1886 by the Temple Company. Of "John Bunclie" I can trace no edition later than that of J. H. Burn in 1825. Miss Fielding's "David Simple," apparently, has no record later than 1782; it had the distinction of figuring in more than one French version. It will certainly come to us more freshly than any of the others above noted.

The coming local celebration of Robert Bloomfield will no doubt have the effect of causing some demand for the poems of that writer, of whose complete works Messrs. Routledge gave us an edition in 1883. This had been



preceded in 1864 by an edition illustrated by Birket Foster, and this, again, by editions in 1836, 1827 and 1803. A volume of "Remains" came out in 1824 (the year after the poet's death); a selection from his correspondence appeared in 1870. "The Farmer's Boy" had at one time a remarkable popularity. Between 1800 and 1827 it ran into fifteen editions; there were others in 1828, 1833, 1835, 1855, 1857 and 1875, and possibly more. "The Miller's Maid" had the good or bad fortune to be turned by one man into a melodrama, and by another into a comic opera. Bloomfield himself wrote "a village drama" which he called "Hazlewood Hall." Altogether, there is quite a "literature" of Bloomfield.

I find a few "chestnuts" among the many good stories told by Sir M. Grant Duff in his new "Notes from a Diary." That about the judge who responded to the toast of the Navy (I. 5); that about Lord Alvanley paying the man heavily for "bringing him back" from his duel (I. 21); that about Father Healy "coughing badly" (II. 169); that about "conscious as we are of each other's imperfections" (II. 208); that about the Archbishop's fear of paralysis (II. 237); and that about the "Cloaca Maxima" (II. 279), have all been told before. The Healy story has been related of the elder Hood, and the "Cloaca Maxima" of Lady Davy (wife of Sir Humphry). The story about Dean Stanley and "three times seven" (I. 86) was told by Mr. Locker-Lampson in his "Patchwork" (1879), and Lady C. Lindsay's sayings (I. 162) were reported by Lord Houghton in one of his "Monographs" (1873). But, on the whole, Sir M. Grant Duff's "chestnuts" are fewer than might be looked for.

Miss Edith Browne kindly writes to inform my correspondent of the week before last that Matthew Arnold's phrase *was* "morality touched by emotion," that he *did* apply it to religion, and that it is to be found in his "Literature and Dogma" (in Chapter i., section 2, I may add). The germ of the phrase, it may be mentioned, is contained in Arnold's essay on Marcus Aurelius, where he says: "The paramount virtue of religion is, that it has *lighted up* morality; that it has supplied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all."

A correspondent writes: "I am particularly interested in the works of A. C. Swinburne, and have most of them. I know of the partial bibliographies published by R. H. Shepherd and by T. J. Wise (in 'Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century,' Vol. II.), also the very incomplete bibliography published in the 'English Illustrated Magazine' of April and May 1903. But none of these give any clue to books or magazine articles dealing with Swinburne's work or with his life. It seems difficult to get any biographical particulars. Wratishaw's 'A. C. Swinburne,' in 'English Writers of To-Day' series, is an account of his books with extracts and appreciation—no particular value. Can you help me in the matter?" I am afraid I can't—unless I can get my editor's permission to occupy a much larger portion of his space.

THE BOOKWORM.

### Forthcoming Books, etc.

Subscriptions are now being received at the Chiswick Press, 20 Took's Court, E.C., for an edition of the three plays of Aeschylus known as the Oresteia (i.e. the Agamemnon, Choephoroi and Eumenides), edited by Robert Proctor, and printed in a new Greek type cut partly from his designs, partly in imitation of the finest of the early Greek founts,

that used in the New Testament of the Complutensian Polyglot, printed in 1514. The book is printed in red and black on paper specially made by Mr. Batchelor. It will be issued in green paper boards with linen back. Two hundred and twenty-five copies have been printed. The subscription price is two guineas net. It is desired to print in this type editions of Homer's "Odyssey" and of the "Idylls of Theocritus," of both of which texts had been prepared by Mr. Proctor. The price of the "Odyssey" will not exceed four guineas; the price of the "Theocritus" will not exceed two guineas. In allotting copies of the "Oresteia" preference will be given to applicants subscribing for all three books.—"The Work of George W. Joy" is the title of a new art work which Messrs. Cassell & Company will publish shortly. It will be illustrated with thirty Rembrandt photogravures, twenty reproductions in colour of pictures and drawings, and nine illustrations of studies in chalk, &c., and will contain a biography, a technical note, and some remarks on the painting of the nude.—The first part of Messrs. Cassell & Company's fine art work, "Royal Academy Pictures, 1904," will be published early in May. This year's issue will include four Rembrandt photogravures of notable pictures in this year's Academy.—Mr. Heinemann has in the press a volume of stories by Jack London, author of "The Call of the Wild," which he hopes to publish early in May. The volume will be entitled "The Faith of Men."—A new novel by Janet Laing, author of the successful novel "The Wizard's Aunt," has just been issued by J. M. Dent & Co., under the title of "The Borderlanders." Messrs. J. M. Dent will also issue shortly a new and important addition to their Mediaeval Town Series; "London" is the title of the book, which is written by H. B. Wheatley, a well-known authority on the subject. The work will contain over forty illustrations from drawings by H. Railton, W. H. Godfrey, Katherine Kimball, Hanslip Fletcher and from old prints. Also a map of London in 1588 (from William Smith's MS.) reproduced in colours by lithography. An elaborate work on the livery companies of the City of London, entitled "The City Companies of London and their Good Works," being a record of their history, charity and treasure, by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent. A noteworthy and charming feature of the volume will be found in the drawings by Mr. A. R. Quinton of the ancient headquarters of the City companies. These illustrations, drawn in wash or pen-and-ink, number nearly fifty; several are reproduced in photogravure and the remainder in half-tone and line.—The next volume of Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion will be "A Little Book of Heavenly Wisdom: Selections from some English Prose Mystics." The book has been edited by Miss E. C. Gregory, daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's. "A Modern Boetia," by Deborah Primrose, will be published in a day or two by the same firm. On Monday, May 2, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin is publishing "China from Within: A Study of Opium Fallacies and Missionary Mistakes," by Mr. Arthur Davenport.—"The Kingdom of Twilight" is the title of a novel by Mr. Forrest Reid which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will bring out on Monday, May 2, in his "First Novel Library."—Alaston Buchanan has translated the Book of Ecclesiastes into English verse in the metre of Omar Khayyam, and will publish the volume very shortly under the title "The Essence of Ecclesiastes," through Mr. Elliot Stock.

### Booksellers' Catalogues

THE following booksellers' catalogues have been received, copies of which can be obtained post free on application to the several booksellers:—Mr. Charles Higham, 27a Farringdon Street, E.C. (*Theological*); Messrs. E. & C. M. Idle, 21 High Street, Bloomsbury (*General*); Messrs. Derry & Sons, Ltd., Nottingham (*Library Bulletin*); Messrs. Myers & Co., 59 High Holborn (*General*); Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford (*English and Foreign Theological*); Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand (*Literature, Science and Art*); Mr. G. P. Johnston, Edinburgh (*Rare and Old*); Mr. A. Sutton, Manchester (*Sporting*).

## Reviews

## Pure Prescott

HISTORY OF THE MOORISH EMPIRE IN EUROPE. By S. P. Scott. (Lippincott. 3 vols. 45s. net.)

It may help the reader to appreciate the position of Mr. S. P. Scott as an historian if it is stated that he appears to have gone to Dozy for his foundation; to Gibbon for his outlook; and to Macaulay, Traill and Buckle impartially for his style. The result, strange to say, is pure Prescott. It will be gathered that the author's method is not original or individual, but essentially synthetic. This is not said in a disparaging sense. Prescott has many admirers—perhaps it would be better to say readers—on either side of the Atlantic, all of whom may be trusted to find Mr. Scott's compilation absorbing, and its length no disadvantage. On the other hand, a still greater number of students of history—and those, perhaps, of a rather different class—will be found indisposed to undertake the conquest of these three substantial volumes. It is true that the period is of fascinating interest, and one, moreover, which has not hitherto claimed an undue share of modern attention; but the writer, in these days, who invites us to master some two thousand pages of narrative makes a heavier claim on our time and forbearance than he is aware of. When all is said, the history of the Moorish invasion remains an episode—a great and splendid one, but still a digression from the main course of European history.

It is naturally impossible to attempt here the task of following Mr. Scott through the ramifications of his slowly moving story. Its underlying purpose may best be told in his own pleasantly dogmatic words. "That writer," he declares in his preface, "best fulfils the office of an historian who passes before the mind of the reader, as in a panorama, not merely the more striking events of war and diplomacy, but circumstances often regarded as unimportant, yet which illustrate, as no others can do, the condition of the masses...of public and private morals...of domestic manners, of ingenious inventions, of literary progress and artistic development." The dictum is decidedly open to question, since there are as many forms of history as kinds of men. To Matthew Arnold the most valuable part of history was criticism; Mr. Oscar Browning's theories would end by making it a mere annex of political study; while the latter-day scientific economist is never satisfied that his predecessors in the field of history have probed deeply enough into the causes of events. If, with Mr. Scott, we are to essay the constructing a panorama of all human activity both in itself and in its relation to time, the task is like to prove interminable, and we must begin our history with the Deluge, if not with the Fall. Certainly, this method, if not quite unquestionably the "best," can claim the undisputed credit of being the longest.

An examination into the author's fertile disquisitions on the life and society of his period evokes a certain passing sympathy with the scientific and economic school. In the second volume, the tale of the havoc and murder wrought by that cruel and treacherous picaroon, so falsely heroised by the Spanish people, the Cid Campeador, is barely complete before a sudden change of scene presents us with a glowing, but quite unauthentic, picture of the condition of the common people at the same epoch, when bread was obtainable at

"a merely nominal price," and an armful of choice fruits and vegetables could be purchased for "a trifle." Setting aside the incongruousness of the picture, we are tempted to ask: What then of the wretched husbandman who laboured hard to grow wheat, or rare fruits, to be sold at the price of waste?

It must be owned that there is a certain element of the pinchbeck in the long procession of Mr. Scott's glittering sentences. The emotions come too easily, and follow too conventional a course. There is a certain unimpartial harping on the worse points of Spanish character, and a decided show of enmity towards the Roman Church. Even in his preface he feels constrained to warn his readers against the pernicious principles of the one, and the corruption of the other. The fairest and firmest passages in the work are those devoted to an exposition of Islam. The one notable quality which the most exacting critic could not deny Mr. Scott is industry; if he had possessed an equal measure of penetration and proportion he might have produced an important, instead of a merely interesting history. On the question of scholarship, it is perhaps prudent to say nothing. American scholarship seems to be nearly always at fault when most wanted.

A protest must be entered against the list of "Authorities Consulted in the Preparation of this Book." There was no need whatever to compile a catalogue of seven hundred publications under such a heading; but there seems to be a growing tendency among authors of a certain class to preface their works with these somewhat vainglorious and ill-chosen bibliographies. In the present instance the fault of taste is the more apparent from the unsatisfactory form of the catalogue, which is indeed of a sort to make the librarian shudder. As the works in question are never quoted in footnotes or appendices, the list is worthless. Some really valuable volumes, moreover, have been omitted, such as Clément Huart's "History of Arabic Literature" and Dr. De Boer's "History of Philosophy in Islam." The dating throughout the book is not well done, and the transliterating of Arabic names is unsatisfactory.

W. LAWLER-WILSON.

## Wolfe

THE FIGHT FOR CANADA. By Major William Wood. (Constable. 21s. net.)

MAJOR WOOD needs no apology for his excellent book, which tells once more the stirring tale of the ever memorable siege and capture of Quebec, and treats it more exhaustively than it has ever been treated, save in Messrs. Doughty and Parmelee's monumental work. If the brief Waterloo campaign justifies a fresh volume every year or two, the fateful summer of 1759 before Quebec is certainly worthy of half a one, which is about the space accorded to it in Major Wood's book. If influence in the world's destiny counts, "the battle of the plains" is of more import than Waterloo. As objects of pilgrimage the two fields are unique in their magnetism, the former probably gaining on the latter in numbers every year. "The Fight for Canada" does not deal in detail with the four years' campaigning that led up to the supreme struggle, but the first and lesser portion of the book is a commentary rather on the military and naval situation of the Powers concerned.



The author maintains, with some truth, that historians of the "Seven Years' War" in America have not given due weight to the influence of sea power in a struggle whose significance is not yet fully appreciated on this side of the Atlantic—a point of view which has gained much ground recently in all military history. The author's exhaustive account of the Quebec campaign is most welcome, and is a notable contribution to British history. A good deal has come to light recently through the assiduous labours of Quebec students, notably Dr. Doughty, whom Major Wood quotes freely. "The Siege of Quebec" in histories of this war has naturally been but a luminous incident among many. The author's exhaustive and able treatment of it clashes with nothing, and fills a want. Happily he destroys no traditions of consequence and establishes Wolfe more firmly than ever, as the leading spirit of the drama, for which we must all be thankful.

I do not agree with Major Wood, however, in his rating of the various portraits of Wolfe, and believe the one in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Schaak from Hervey Smith's profile sketch, supervised doubtless by Wolfe's friends, to be the most probable interpretation of the real man at his death. Major Wood does not seem to be aware of the original portraits of Wolfe (at 16) and of his mother hanging at Squerryes. And, oddly enough, though he goes quite elaborately into the various Wolfe relics, he does not even mention the 170 beautifully written letters now in Colonel Warde's library, nor does he in his copious notes and bibliography once allude to Squerryes, still owned by the descendants of Wolfe's oldest friends and executors, and the principal repository of his literary remains. Kate Lowther was probably unworthy of Wolfe, shallow and conventional, so far as we know. The strength of their mutual attachment is dubious. Major Wood's judgment on the American provincials is somewhat sweeping. Virginia, for her size and wealth far the most unpatriotic and backward, is in a sense singled out for an exception as if the legend of the Virginian resistance at Monongahela was dying hard. The Southern militia, it is true, were mostly dregs, but New England had nearly 20,000 men in the field at one time, and these were not dregs at any rate, if uneven and badly disciplined, to say nothing of their rangers, as witness the Colonial Bradstreet's famous march to and capture of Frontenac. No one cursed his own province and its inert people more than Washington in his letters of this date. Major Wood is a Canadian officer, is President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and far better equipped with a practical knowledge of nautical matters than the average layman. He has much of interest to say on eighteenth-century ships and sailors. The book contains a good plan of the siege and portraits of Wolfe and Montcalm.

A. G. BRADLEY.

#### Blundell's

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS OF ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE. A Record of Blundell's School and its Neighbourhood. By F. J. Snell. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s. net.)

A POEM is very often built upon the foundation of a single haunting line or phrase, a story sometimes evolved from the suggestion contained in a striking title; but a work of this character should grow around the definite intention of the writer. The title-hunt becomes almost as difficult a process as truffle-hunting, and it is amazing that no professional title-finders have advertisements amongst those of typists and copyists in the columns of this paper. But the difficulty is one that should affect only the workers in the imaginative field. The title of a

biographical, topographical, or historical volume should not be far to seek; whilst, decided on, it should be exact and informing. Mr. Snell's title hardly fulfils these conditions. In fact, by the time he has finished the volume the puzzled reader will be hazarding conjectures as to what end the writer had in view. A majority of library subscribers noticing the title in their catalogue would assume that what was offered them was a work similar in character to, say, "The Manchester Life of Bishop Fraser," and add it to their lists or ignore it, according to their interest or apathy with respect to episcopal biography. Those who sat down to read it under the impression that it was mainly concerned with a particular period of the life of the late Archbishop of Canterbury would be disappointed, for it contains little that is new concerning him, and little enough altogether. It does, it is true, explode the widely-spread belief, founded on a statement of Temple's in one of his speeches ("I learnt to plough and I could plough as straight as any man in the parish") that the Archbishop was of very humble parentage. But the only chapter in the book in which Temple is the central figure is the one entitled "At Oxford."

The truth appears to be that the sub-title conveys Mr. Snell's original intention, but that he was afterwards diverted from the straight road he had intended to follow. The result is that he appears to wander at intervals rather aimlessly up side tracks.

The book contains very nearly as much about Richard Doddridge Blackmore as it does about Frederick Temple, and it is a significant fact that entries of reference to the former appear in the index as on pages 16, 53, and 58, whilst the first reference to the latter is given as on page 62, and three whole chapters (seventy pages) pass before the Temple family secures the author's attention.

A great part of these opening chapters of the book is devoted to identification of actual places in the district with the country described in Blackmore's "Perlycross," and very interesting chapters they are. One cannot but feel that Mr. Snell might very fitly undertake for the Blackmore country such a work as Professor Bertram Windle produced on the Wessex of Thomas Hardy. Buried, however, under a misleading title, who but the chance explorer is likely to hit upon these chapters? The disconsolate volume might almost address the public in Romeo's words, "By a name I know not how to tell thee what I am."

Perhaps the most interesting stories about Temple are those relating how when Headmaster of Rugby he was discovered by a master of Blundell's trying to repeat his boyish feat of crossing the lower school in three strides, and how when Archbishop he clambered through some laurel bushes to find the spot where he had as a boy cut his name on the wall of the old school.

A very simple explanation is available of the nickname "Blueskin" applied to Temple's father. The Archbishop had a very strong dark beard, which grew so rapidly that he had to shave twice a day. Every one knows the blue appearance that a beard of this character gives to the face, and doubtless the Archbishop inherited the peculiarity from Major Temple. The extracts from Richard Bovet's "Pandemonium" provoke the question whether in that work Christina Rossetti found the germ of the "Goblin Market." There is an odd misprint on page 27, where 1705 is stated to be the year in which Aldhelm was created first Bishop of Sherborne by Ine King of Wessex.

If the volume should ever be reprinted it might be renamed, following the precedent of Prince's famous "Worthies of Devon," "Blundell's and its Worthies."

But I am myself adopting the profession which I suggested at the outset. One guinea, please, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.

F. CHAPMAN.

### The City of Rubens

ANTWERP. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. By Wilfrid C. Robinson. (Washbourne. 5s. net.)

ONCE upon a time the writer of these words, standing before that huge painting by Rubens of the Baptism of Christ, to be found in the Museum at Antwerp, heard this twitter fall from a covey of personally misled tourists on the wing past the picture: "That's fine, that's great," protested one, circling to suggest space, in his enthusiasm. Another was of colder mood: "What interests me," said he, trying not to be proud of his superior culture, "what interests me is that it was done by a fellow here in the town."

Of the town which Rubens helped as much as any man to make famous Mr. Robinson tells in this book the fame, and, with reservations, one is inclined to say he tells it well. His ultramontane sympathies betray him into the ancient error of confusing Kings with Things: "On February 11, 1515," says he, "all the bells of Antwerp rang out their merriest peals, and loudest among them, from St. Mary's, not yet a cathedral, rang the great bell *Carolus*, founded eight years earlier. They rang out to welcome the young Archduke Charles, who that day made his Joyful Entry into Antwerp. Unconsciously they were ringing out the Middle Ages and ringing in modern times, for the reign of Charles the Fifth marks the beginning of modern history." This, and it is a fair specimen of Mr. Robinson's manner, may pass as rhetoric, but to any one who remembers the date of the landfall of Columbus, it must seem unphilosophical. And for myself, did I connect periods with princes, I would far sooner date modern history from 1467, when Good Duke Philip of the Golden Fleece marched out of the world, and better Desiderius Erasmus sidled in.

One comes across the names of a few simple persons in this book. Rubens (we are not allowed to forget that Charles the First knighted him), Quentin Matsys, and Plantin the printer—a great concession this, for we are gravely told he was suspected of heresy—are mentioned at some length, but, broadly speaking, a man must wear a crown, or a mitre, or at the very least a halo, to please Mr. Robinson. Halos, by the way, are distributed liberally throughout the book, and one feels that the author narrowly escaped dropping one on the crazy head of Balthazar Gérard, by whose "fatal pistol shot," as he pleasantly observes, William the Silent "was called away."

Mr. Robinson's worst fault is his frequent absence of humour, which makes him in all good faith write of the Bollandists as Voltaire might have written in irony. As I would not for all the world offend a hagiologist, I content myself with establishing my point by a quotation from another chapter, that treating of Napoleon's connection with Antwerp: "All classes were wounded in their family affections and religious sentiments. The poor would willingly have foregone the Emperor's alms, and the rich have done without his marks of favour, had he consented to leave them their sons. But the tax of blood was exacted to the last drop. All boys in the orphanages of Antwerp, who were old enough to be sent afloat, were enrolled in the French navy."

Again Mr. Robinson is slipshod in his use of adjectives. The Flemish Image-breakers he calls with some

show of reason "miscreant," but then he calls the Spanish soldiers, who broke the Flemish Image-breakers, also "miscreant." This is illogical, since by his own showing they were supporting the cause of Orthodoxy. Surely, Mr. Robinson, who writes like an old Jesuit boy, must be aware that "miscreant" is properly a term of abuse for the man who does not believe what you say. The best thing I can say of this book is that I read it from title to colophon, which told me that it was printed at Bruges. It is not well produced.

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

### Commonplacency

NOTES FROM A DIARY, 1892-1895. By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. 2 Vols. (Murray. 18s.)

TWO more volumes of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes," yielding one or two newspaper columns of capital stories: that is a record creditable alike to the author's industry and to the critic's power of picking and choosing. Sir Mountstuart has entered upon his anecdotage with a light heart. He has hardly any prejudices—all is fish that comes to his net, a net let down not in the deeps, but upon the calm shallows of London society. Sir Mountstuart, in fact, fishes in the London parks; and what he catches, that the borrowing journalist cooks in butter. Sometimes one suspects that he does not know the difference between a toothsome young fish and a tough old one; and that he lacks that infallible judgment in condiments which the European *cuisine* possessed at its best, until the travelling American deluged its dishes with salt. Sir Mountstuart's stories have indeed to be taken at times with a dose of salt heavy enough to destroy the fine native flavour. And often, as on page 176 of Vol. II., he has got into his net and into his kitchen a very muddy and bedraggled weed. The stale saying about the marriages of the sons of the late Duke of Argyll is here attributed to the "Duke of —"; and though the dashed Duke in this case really is ambiguous, as dashed Dukes rarely are, we may deny the attribution, and shift it to a popular actress, whose happy-go-lucky blunder was easily passed over.

But the Diarist generally shows his good breeding; and it would be quite unjust to think of him as other than amiable. He is also complacent and he is commonplace. He is sure of Mrs. Hemans but doubtful of Mr. Meredith; and his fellow members of the Breakfast Club (in whose kitchen most of his fish are fried) are mentioned with a gravity justly due to judges, to writers and thinkers of a certain celebrity, to the prosperous and the mediocre. At times the Diarist, who retains the characteristic prudences and the audacities of a Colonial Governor, just promises to become interesting and just falls short. He tells us that Kegan Paul talked to him about Tennyson, and we are expectant, for Kegan Paul's views of the bard did not far differ from those of the Moxon people. But Sir Mountstuart will not show us the publishing side of poetry; he records only what everybody could say and know. It is the vastly easier method; but it is not the most entertaining or the most amusing. He dined with the Empress Frederick. Really! But there our astonishment begins and ends; for not another word follows to justify the entry. Notes on the weather once in May in 1893, or on a day in June in 1894, have become rather a feature in the words of recent love songs; but they are more oddly placed in the diary of a man who is no maudlin sentimentalist; neither is he on intimate terms with Nature, still less her interpreter to others.



Half the entries had better have been cancelled for the printers; yet the book, even where it is least essential, will be welcome enough in the large domestic circles which it personally affects.

A book which bristles with names is sure of its misprints; and a careful reading of proofs has not here expunged all error. The "Mr. G. Ward" of page 252, Vol. II., should be Mr. W. G. Ward, and the separate entry of G. Ward in the index should be cancelled. The spelling on page 201 (same volume) of Feilding as Fielding takes away the point of a stock anecdote. An Italian gender on page 178 of Vol. I. clamours for revision, and the word, moreover, is mis-spelt. The index has not escaped the same ill-luck. There is indexed, for instance, an allusion to the Duke of Norfolk on page 201 of Vol. II. which that page does not contain; while page 196, Vol. II., has an interesting story about Harcourt which is not indexed under his name. Give and take in these matters is hardly satisfactory.

### Taine

H. TAINÉ. *SA VIE ET SA CORRESPONDANCE*. Tome II. *Le Critique et le Philosophe, 1853-1870*. (Hachette. 3f.50.)

It will be remembered how in the introduction to the first volume of Taine's *Life and Correspondence* it was stated that his horror of publicity led him to forbid by a clause in his will the publication of "*lettres intimes ou privées*." Thus his published letters deal solely with general topics, or with such subjects as philosophy, history, æsthetics, art and psychology. This method of writing biography has undoubtedly advantages, but it tends to eliminate the man's personality in too great a degree. We seem to learn what he thought and what he did in some purely external manner which does not bring us near enough to his soul. When once, however, we have overcome the disappointment of being left, as it were, outside the closed doors there is much here to interest us, although scarcely as much perhaps as in the first volume.

The period 1853 to 1870 saw the publication of all Taine's critical and philosophical works, among them of course the history of English Literature, the composition of which had taken seven years. He paid his first visit to England in 1860, but the letters written from London and Manchester are scanty, and contain little beyond records of engagements fulfilled and the names of the persons he met. His veritable impressions were preserved for his book "*Notes on England*," published later.

In the winter of 1870 Taine planned a book on the history of German Literature in the Nineteenth Century, analogous to his English Literature. For that purpose he arranged to spend the summer months in Germany. He started in June and visited Frankfort-on-the-Main, Weimar and Dresden. On July 12 he was called home by the death of his mother-in-law, and the declaration of war in the week following prevented his return. Taine renounced for ever his book on Germany. "We could no longer be impartial," he said. Therefore what he has to say here about Germany is extremely interesting and valuable. The criticism is so excellent that we can only deplore the loss of Taine's projected volume. His first visit to Germany took place in 1858. Then he found the Germans primitive, abandoning themselves to the first impulse and so forming a complete contrast to the pride of the English and the vanity of the French. The bringing up and education of German girls were, he considered, very defective. Although the Germans, he

asserted, possessed good sense in the highest degree and were ten times more learned than the French, Taine allowed them no wit, and thought their scholars were often mere collectors and amassers of facts. When he revisited the country in 1870 he noted great changes. The Germans had lost their broad-mindedness, their tolerance, the sympathy for others that they had under Goethe. Germany had ceased to dream and had begun to act. The Germans desired to become merchants, bankers, manufacturers, colonists, to organise a State, to work, to make fortunes. He also compares French and German critics. The Frenchman is a psychologist, an amateur of ethical curiosities, his pivot is the knowledge of the human heart and mind, and thus style and form are to him necessary tools. If he writes well it is not in order to write well, it is to express shades of thought and meaning, to paint portraits. In such criticism not merely scholars and specialists are interested, but also diplomatists, distinguished women, men of the world. German criticism is the work of specialists in philology, history, hellenism, or archæology. They are all "learned" specialists and nothing beyond.

In 1862 Taine made some "*notes personnelles*" in accordance with his habit of examining from time to time his literary and philosophical conscience. His cast of mind is, he declares, French and Latin. His ideal at that period in religion was a free Protestantism as in Germany under Schleiermacher, or as then in England; in politics he desired local or municipal freedom as in Holland, Belgium and England, attached to a central representation. But knowing that Protestantism was against the nature of the French people, and local government against the constitution of property and society in France, he found it better to aim at other things, at the acquirement of pure knowledge and a fine style, at securing a pleasant social life, at increasing the general well-being, and at possessing ideas that were both disinterested and universal.

For the literary life *per se* Taine had no affection. He disliked its attendant worries and technical details. He probably thought of his early struggles on £50 a year when he wrote "*la littérature ne peut être qu'un luxe; il faut chercher ailleurs un gagne-pain*."

If space permitted we might refer to many more points of interest in the notes and correspondence. A third volume is to follow which will contain his correspondence during the war and Commune (1870-71) and of the last twenty years of Taine's life, which were exclusively devoted to his book "*Les origines de la France Contemporaine*."

MEN AND MANNERS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By Albert D. Vandam. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. net.)

WE are taught that we should say nothing of the dead save what is good. What is one to say therefore of a book by a dead author which consists in great part of violent attacks on dead politicians? This is a case of the dead reviling the dead. Not a nice thought, or a cheering one.

Mr. Vandam throughout a long and not uninteresting career as Parisian correspondent and man of letters knew most of the folks worth knowing, possessed a prodigious memory, and a large collection of political notes of by-gone celebrities. From time to time he contributed articles, mainly compiled from these notes, to English magazines. He published several volumes of gossip about things social and political in France, during the second Empire and afterwards, and is generally supposed to have been the "Englishman in Paris" who temporarily



mystified us some few years ago. In a publishers' note to the posthumous work now under review, it is stated that about half the book was in type at the time of the author's death, the rest was extant in the shape of papers and contributions to periodicals. "These papers have been put together as nearly as possible upon the lines which the author himself seems to have intended." The result is disappointing. Mr. Vandam was a sound reliable writer on most subjects, save politics; but his ardent, virulent and unreasoning Imperialism blurred his vision and distorted his appreciation of all men who were not approximately of his way of thinking.

His two pet bugbears were Thiers and Gambetta. Of the former he quotes Victorien Sardou's suggested epitaph (though he forgets to mention its Attic origin):

"Ci-git un très-fin politique,  
Qui, pour régner tout seul, fonda la République."

He expatiates on Thiers' meanness, insatiable ambition and personal cowardice, and tries to leave that great statesman, who doubtless like other great statesmen was only human and therefore had his faults, without a rag of character or reputation. But if he is unkind to Thiers, he is positively unfair to Gambetta. He can find no words strong enough to express his hatred of that interesting and complex personality. He says, for instance: "The wonder up to this day is that among all those whom he bullied and hectored, both military and civil, there was not found an officer, a journalist, or a former parliamentary colleague, either to twist his neck or to send a bullet through his brain, and thus rid France of a scourge. It need not have been murder or assassination, an ordinary challenge would have done the trick, for Gambetta was a coward from nape to heel." This is very plain language, and a man who could write thus about a decidedly big statesman is obviously not to be trusted in his opinions on men and events of the time. As to the rest, the book, barring its lopsidedness and partiality, gives a fair picture of men and manners in those confused days succeeding the fatal fourth of September. It is written with much ease and fluency, and not a few new lights are thrown upon events hitherto somewhat obscure or misunderstood. Still, it all happened four and thirty years ago; very nearly all the actors who played their parts more or less successfully on the world's stage of the time are dead, and this exhumation of scandals and blunders seems to be a little unfortunate and belated.

### Verse

THE FIRE-BRINGER. By William Vaughn Moody. (Gay & Bird. 5s. net.)

STUDIES FROM ATTIC DRAMA. By Edward George Harman. (Smith, Elder. 5s.)

THE FACE OF THE NIGHT: A SECOND SERIES OF POEMS FOR PICTURES. By Ford M. Hueffer. (Macquenn. 3s. 6d. net.)

FROM A CLOISTER. By Elizabeth Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

PULSE OF THE BARDS, SONGS AND BALLADS. By P. J. McCall. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.)

SONGS AND VERSES. By Lady John Scott. (Douglas. 5s.)

LES TENDRESSES PREMIÈRES. Par Emile Verhaeren. (Bruxelles: Deman.)

We hail with pleasure a batch of recent verse which has an unusual proportion of excellence. First by right of merit we would place "The Fire-Bringer" of Mr.

William Vaughn Moody. We noted with praise in THE ACADEMY a previous volume of this American poet. But "The Fire-Bringer" reaches a yet higher level. It is work of remarkable distinction, with a classical breadth and amplitude of diction. The merest snatch is sufficient to declare his quality. For instance:

"A sacred bird  
That o'er the springtime waves, at large of dawn,  
Off Delos, to the awakening Cyclades  
Declares Apollo."

To this expressional gift is wedded a fine imagination, a sustained power of bold and striking imagery. The power of the entire poem, indeed, is unfaltering. Not for a long time have we encountered a faculty so rich and authentic as that displayed in this lyric drama. The chief fault is an occasional violence of phrase.

Mr. Harman also offers us lyric drama; but in his case it is translated drama—one being the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, the other the "Alcestis" of Euripides. The versions are done with such excellent freedom and mastery of language that the reader might frequently suppose himself to be reading an original English poem, and a strongly written English poem. That is as it should be, and to our mind the best praise of poetic translation. The author has sometimes paraphrased with much boldness; but let scholars pick a quarrel with him for this, if they will. We are contented to recognise an admirable and spirited piece of work.

Mr. Hueffer's "Face of the Night" is another distinguished volume; and is in every way worthy of the reputation established by his previous work. He has the power of picturesque simplicity; the lyric instinct and the lyric feeling are strong in him; and his lyric rhythms have an individual music which owes nothing to the suggestions of other poets. A modern of the moderns, he yet can touch rustic homelinesses with conspicuous success. Mr. Hueffer is unmistakably a poet.

Miss Gibson's "From a Cloister" and Mr. McCall's "Pulse of the Bards" have merit of a much less decided kind than the foregoing. The former, in a quiet and modest way, has some poems which show personal thought and sincerity of feeling; which are poems in their degree. The latter's book is good and spirited verse rather than absolute poetry. But it is superior to the "Songs and Verses" of Lady John Scott, which are not more than pleasing derivative verse in the Scottish ballad style. M. Emile Verhaeren, however, brings us back at the close to authentic poetry. His is verse wrought with all the cunning intimacy of the young Belgian school. Its varying rhythms, its *nuances* of feeling and imagination, and something exotic, something decadent over all, make a combination characteristic, singular, which is Verhaeren.

### Fiction

DWALA. By George Calderon. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d.) Dwala is an ape from Borneo; a fine specimen of the missing link variety. He can talk, wear clothes, and has appreciated the advantages of embracing Christianity. He is destined to take his place in the Imperial programme. But first he is discovered by a pro-Boer M.P., brought to England and introduced to the Liberal party. Hitherto Dwala had been great in a relative sense only, and in comparison with the man in the street; but now he leaps into the front rank: he has his great establishment, his valets and secretaries; he can inspire great passion; he has the genius for filling great

offices and doing nothing. In a word he is the success of a London season. And with his intellect those responsible for his upbringing feel that he cannot be allowed to loaf. He must do something. Become a great writer, scientist, tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor: why not diplomat? no special training is required; and, happy thought, why not Prime Minister! and so on. Mr. Calderon has enjoyed this satire at the expense of the English people; but ingenious as are the conception and humour, there is little doubt that the execution leaves something to be desired. Satire is a great weapon, but it is also two-edged, and must needs be handled skilfully. The reader will be struck by the author's keen perception and ready wit, and sometimes will be influenced by the justness of his satire.

**BELCHAMBER.** By H. O. Sturgis. (Constable, 6s.) The central figure in this rather depressing story is the Marquis of Belchamber, generally called Sainty, who was cast by Fate to play a brave part in the world's show, and was denied by Nature the ability to play the rôle. "The world is like a huge theatrical company, in which half the actors and actresses have been cast for the wrong parts. Perhaps the hardest case is theirs who by their sex are called upon to 'have a swaggering and martial outside,' and yet, like Rosalind in her boy's dress, start and turn faint at the sight of blood. . . . To be in harmony with one's environment, to like the things one ought to like—that surely is the supreme good." Sainty inherited from his dissipated father a shattered and feeble constitution, a moral cowardice and irresolution that made him the sport first of his mother and relations, afterwards of his schoolfellows, and later on of his wife and her lover. He is a scholar by nature, happy in browsing among books from morning to night, with a modest sum of money sufficient to buy a few books and provide him with the necessities of life. He has no vices, his timid soul shrinks from any display or expenditure of money. He is Puritanical by nature, a gentle sexless creature meant for a convent, and he is called upon to parade before the world as the head of a great house. If the author wished to make Sainty interesting he set himself a difficult task, a task which demanded peculiar skill and insight. Sainty never touches our emotions or claims our sympathy, he is to us as he was to the world, a spiritless, rather priggish, but well-meaning young man. With some of the other characters the author has been more successful; the portrait of Cissy, an utterly vain, worthless woman—under the guise of a pretty flower-like exterior, is particularly lifelike and clever.

**THE ADMIRABLE TINKER. CHILD OF THE WORLD.** By Edgar Jepson. (Nash, 6s.) This is, perhaps, the best novel Mr. Jepson has written since that masterpiece of light comedy "The Passion for Romance," though not on our first introduction to Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, in the circumstances that gained for him the as yet unqualified sobriquet of Tinker, did we realise his potentialities. When, however, on his eleventh birthday he appeared with the "air of a seraph . . . an angel child" we rejoiced exceedingly, for who does not know the fascination of the angel child in the hands of that cunning artist, Mr. Jepson? The story of this anniversary—Tinker's Birthday Bloodhound—in some respects the happiest in the book, describes a "bullfight" between the hero and "a large and solitary ram, by name Billy," ending in the pursuit of the toreador by Billy's owner, and the subsequent discomfiture of that empurpled and injured gentleman by Tinker and the bull terrier henceforth known as his Birthday Bloodhound. Chapter x. relates the adoption by Tinker of a little girl deserted by her uncle at Monte Carlo, and is full of delicate and charming humour. "Voilà des Séraphins" cried "one stout and sentimental baroness" when they entered the restaurant of the Hôtel des Princes, and henceforth the book chronicles the deeds of two angel children. The volume is well produced, though the sad-coloured cover seems inappropriate to this joyous little comedy; we note also that no mention is made, on the title page or elsewhere, of Mr. Jepson's other books.

## Short Notices

**ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.** By T. Dinham Atkinson. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) A quite admirable introduction to the study of English architecture. With such a guide-book to building as this the pleasures of travel will be vastly enhanced, for few people save the elect realise how humanly interesting buildings—churches, castles and houses—become when we can look at them with an understanding eye; there is history in stones. This little book is written clearly and soundly, and is better illustrated than any other work of its kind that we have met with; the illustrations illustrate, which is as it should be, mere pretty pictures are not wanted for such pages. Altogether excellent and useful.

**THE COURTSHIPS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.** By Martin Hume. Revised with new chapters. (Nash, 12s. 6d.) "But she was a Queen, and a great one." The two supplementary chapters of this new edition of a deservedly popular historical study deal with the personal aspect of Queen Elizabeth's courtships, a thorny subject. Major Martin Hume has, however, skated over thin ice with admirable dexterity, and sums up if not with distinctness with great acumen: "All the love affairs that we have glanced at in their non-political aspect, were but the solace of a great governing genius, who was supremely vain. Though they were accompanied by circumstances which were reprehensible, undignified and indelicate for any virtuous woman, much less a Queen, the arguments and evidence that I have been able to adduce should lead, in my opinion, to the delivery of a verdict of not proven on the generally believed main charge against the Queen of actual immorality." As Bacon (not Lord Bacon as the author has it) said, "love was allowed but lust banished."

**PSEUDO-CRITICISM; OR THE HIGHER CRITICISM AND ITS COUNTERFEIT.** By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D. (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.) Sir Robert Anderson, in the volume before us, attempts what must, we fear, in the nature of things prove an impossible feat. How he succeeded, with Le Caron's aid, in frustrating the second Fenian raid on Canada is, as he reminds us, a matter of history; but the thousand miles of frontier which at that time it was his business to protect are as nothing by comparison with the borders of traditional orthodoxy that lie open to hostile incursion on the part of what he calls the pseudo-criticism. Sir Robert's unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of which he appears, not now for the first time, as a champion, wins our sympathy and regard. But, despite his constantly recurring appeals to the practice and principles of forensic justice, and his warm denunciation of the exasperating attitude of men who in the assault upon revealed religion seem to arrogate to themselves the functions both of witness and of judge, we cannot resist the conviction that here we have a writer who on the other side is little better than are they as he pictures them. To tell the mere truth we do not understand how men who are well assured of the "God-breathed" origin of the Sacred Scriptures can be easily dismayed to see them treated as the subject matter of a variety of more or less inconsistent experiments. Simply as a matter of experience it is obvious that it is by the exhaustion of contrary hypotheses that truth does at last, in every branch of science, get itself vindicated. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"; and to men who, like Sir Robert Anderson, believe, *fide divina*, that "Jesus is the Son of God," the conflict of hostile voices is but a passing discord. It is this assurance of faith that gives to the most strenuous upholder of the Scriptures, the Roman Catholic Church, the confidence that so amazes the world. And Sir Robert has more in common than he suspects with that "Romish priest with his crucifix" who shares with the Rationalist his suspicion and dislike.

**KINGS AND QUEENS I HAVE KNOWN.** By Hélène Vacaresco. (Harper, 10s. 6d.) Eight Queens, four Kings, three Emperors, one Empress and the Pope. That seems to be the grand total of Mlle. Vacaresco's Royal list, and



it is probable that there is no other single woman in Europe, not of the blood Royal, who has been on the same intimate terms with a like number of crowned heads. The dearest friend and confidante of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, she has had exceptional opportunities of meeting Royalties of all nations, and indeed it is common knowledge that she was within an ace of becoming a Royalty herself. Granted that such things have to be done, it would be very difficult—in fact impossible—to talk about "Kings and Queens I have known" in a more discreet way. There is no scandal, no gossip, no ill-natured revelation of private life; nothing in short that a well-bred woman need be ashamed of committing to paper and publishing broadcast. For, according to Mlle. Vacaresco, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt her veracity, the Kings and Queens she has met have all been quite delightful folk, full of charm, grace, high thinking and plain living—which is all exactly as it should be. Here, for instance, is what she has to say of our own Queen Alexandra: "That image of the new Queen in her old Marlborough (House) home remains with me one of unrivalled beauty and sweetness, an image harmonious, fair and dazzling, like the name and title of the exalted lady whose rank is eclipsed by virtues as countless as the gems of her crown." Incidentally it is a pity that the book has not been better edited; it is full of silly mistakes: Biebrich is spelt Biebrick, the sculptor Begas masquerades as Begag, the Castle at Sinaia is spelt in two different ways on the same page, and there are a dozen other equally ignorant errors. It is so easy to be correct in these things. A well-known journalist, now dead, is said to have spoken of the Kaiser as "one of the pleasantest Emperors I have ever met." Mlle. Vacaresco is guilty of no such *faux pas*, and her book may be unreservedly recommended.

LA GUERRE DE SEPT ANS, HISTOIRE DIPLOMATIQUE ET MILITAIRE. Par Richard Waddington. Tome II. Crefeld et Zornsdorf. Tome III. Minden—Kunersdorf—Québec. (Paris: Firmin Didot et Cie.) M. Waddington is going on with his monumental history of the Seven Years' War, and gives us the account of the years 1758 and 1759—the year of indecisive fighting everywhere, and the year in which Frederick the Great touched the lowest point of disaster, and his ally reached the pinnacle of victory. Though the fighting was not at the Napoleonic pace, and armies went into winter quarters with traditional regularity, yet war was world-wide. M. Waddington has not only to jump from the Oder to the Elbe, and from both to the Weser and the Rhine, but to cross the seas to view, in Macaulay's picturesque phrase, the black men fighting on the coast of Coromandel, and the red men scalping one another by the great lakes. In this survey no strictly limited reviewer can follow him, at least in any detail. M. Waddington is equally careful and thorough in military and in diplomatic research; but it is easy to see that his heart, as is but natural in a distinguished diplomatist, is rather with the envoys and foreign ministers than on the field of battle. His study of authorities is exhaustive, and we notice in particular the great use he has made of that rich source of diplomatic information, the Newcastle Papers, where there is much that the Record Office cannot give. The accounts of battles and campaigns are careful, and written with evident comprehension; but they are not very graphic or stimulating. They agree generally with Carlyle's vivid pictures, but do not leave an impression on the mind like his. In diplomacy, however, where Carlyle is hopelessly to seek, M. Waddington is in his own kingdom, and knows everything. The only complaint one has to make of him is that he gives us so many trees that he prevents us from getting a view of the wood. The illuminating generalisations that seem to light up a whole obscure and tangled jungle of international disputes and negotiations are not his gift as they were the gift of Sir John Seeley. M. Waddington's fairness is very admirable, especially in a French historian. Patriotic as he is, he has obviously but one aim, to get at the exact fact by consulting both sides. He has been, perhaps, too anxious to let the principals in the drama have their own say, and extracts from the manuscript despatches of the generals and

ambassadors fill an appreciable part of his volumes. We cannot quote from a work of this character, for its value lies precisely in its statements of detail. M. Waddington may not have thrown any startling new light on his period, but he has brought a great deal more first-hand evidence to bear on the conclusions already formed by historians, and his work is an invaluable storehouse of facts, carefully gathered, learnedly ordered and fairly stated. A word of praise is due for the interesting plans of battles and operations, some contemporary, some modern, with which the work is illustrated.

### Reprints and New Editions

The latest volume added to the Thin Paper Classics (Newnes, leather 3s. 6d. net, cloth 3s. net) is a selection from the LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. This selection has been made by Mr. C. B. Lucas, who also contributes a short introduction. The letters have been very considerably reduced, but Mr. Lucas tells us that nothing has been omitted "which was from any point of view of real and permanent value." These letters are already so well known that I should have thought there was no need of a further reprint, but evidently the publishers think otherwise. To us these leisurely written letters, full of small detail and carefully turned phrases, seem indeed to belong to a past age, an age very far removed from our days of feverish notes and hastily written postcards. Mr. Lucas writes of Horace Walpole's mode of living: "If it was not a very 'strenuous life,' it was not, at least, a very scandalous one. He, like his great namesake, whom in many ways he rather, perhaps intentionally, resembled—except when he tried to write verses—was somewhat *Epicuri de grege porcus*; but he was not without some virtues." As for the format of the "Letters," all I need say is that the present volume is as excellent as any that has appeared in this admirable series. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his introduction to THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS (National Library, Cassell, 6d. net), writes: "Why the English, whose nature it is to be particularly happy and particularly muddle-headed, should have been the one people in Europe to be influenced in so startling a manner by the bitterness and the logic of Calvin, must remain a riddle." Has Mr. Chesterton overlooked their influence on Scotland? Surely the Scotch were much more drawn to the stern creed of Calvinism than the English, and, what is more, were permanently influenced by it. Mr. Chesterton goes on to say that the Puritan revolution "if anything was a reaction against the Renaissance. It was essentially a barbaric thing, an outburst of the fierce mysterious part of man. It had far more in common with some primitive religion, beating gongs and bellowing at an eclipse of the moon." It is so easy to misunderstand the Puritan movement of which Mr. Chesterton writes so glibly. I take up now a handsome, imposing reprint of Caxton's translation from the CHEVALIER GEOFFROY DE LA TOUR LANDRY of the Booke whiche the Knyght of the Toure made to the Enseynement and Taching of his Doughters (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net). This quaint old book is edited with a glossary by Gertrude Burford Rawlings. The book was written in 1371-2 by the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour Landry for the guidance of his daughters in the observance of manners and morals, and has had, so far as we know, only two English translators, one in MS. anonymous, and one by William Caxton, published at his press. This book has only once since 1484 been reprinted, namely in 1868 by the Early English Text Society, so that it will probably be welcome to a good many of my readers. Caxton's Knight of the Tower is of course archaic in language, but a glossary has been provided. Some of it is exceedingly quaint and amusing, although it must be confessed that much of it is dull. I am afraid that the majority of women will not endorse Caxton's opinion that "this book is necessary to every gentillwoman, of what estate she be," nor will they expect their daughters diligently to peruse its pages. The present edition is the first illustrated one in England; Caxton's book had no pictures. The illustrations, which are well suited to the text, are by Garth Jones, and altogether it is an excellent reprint of a little-known work. From the Orient Press I have received a slim, tastefully

bound little volume, *THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS* (1s. net). The utterances here printed are, of course, disconnected observations of K'ung, the Master, and have been carefully chosen with the view of obtaining a wide interest. *SELECT POEMS* of James Clarence Mangan (Gill, 4d.) contain an interesting frontispiece—a picture of the poet's birthplace, now No. 3 Lord Edward Street, Dublin. The book, bound in paper covers, is handy in form, and should secure more readers for these fine poems. A welcome reprint is Mr. Sidney Lee's *STRATFORD-ON-AVON*, with forty-five illustrations by Herbert Railton and Edward Hull (Seeley, 2s. and 3s. net). It is not only welcome but timely, the celebration of Shakespeare's birthday last week giving point to its appearance. F. T. S.

## New Books Received

### Theological and Biblical

- Clifford (The Rev. Cornelius), *The Burden of the Time* (New York: Cathedral Library Association)  
Dawson (The Rev. Joseph), edited by, *John Wesley on Preaching* (Richards) 2/6  
Abbott (Edwin A.), *Paradosis, or In the Night in which He was* (Black) net 7/6  
Sabatier (Auguste), *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit* (Williams & Norgate) 10/6  
Hunter, M.A. (The Rev. A. Mitchell), *Daniel and the Age of the Exile* (Dent)  
Garvie, M.A., D.D. (Alfred E.), *The Gospel for To-day* (Ingis Ker) net 2/0  
Vaughan (Cardinal), *The Young Priest: Conferences on the Apostolic Life* (Burns & Oates) net 5/0  
Lewin, M.B.A.S. (Mrs. A. S.), *Acta Mythologica Apostolorum*, with Translation from the Arabic (Clay) net 12/6 and net 6/0

### Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles Lettres

- Huoffer (Ford M.), *The Face of the Night* (Macquenn) net 3/6  
Gibson (Elizabeth), *From a Cloister* (Mathews) net 1/0  
Scott (Lady John), *Songs and Verses* (Douglas) 5/0  
Meady (William Vaughan), *The Fire-Bringer* (Gay & Bird) 5/0  
Smith (G. Gregory), edited by, *Elizabethan Critical Essays, in Two Vols.* (Oxford Press) net 12/0  
Farrcroft (Elizabeth Davis) (Mrs. George Bancroft), *Letters from England, 1846-1849* (Smith, Elder) net 6/0  
Pai, B.A., LL.B. (Nagesh Wishwanath), *The Angel of Misfortune* (Bombay: Mulgokar) Rs.23  
Russell (T. O.), *The Last Irish King, a Drama in Three Acts* (Dublin: Gill) net 0/6  
Coburn (Wallace David), *Rhymes from a Round-up Camp* (Putnam) net \$1.50

### History and Biography

- Robinson (Wilfrid C.), *Antwerp, an Historical Sketch* (Washbourne) net 5/0  
Wood (William), *The Fight for Canada* (Constable) net 21/0  
Colquhoun (Archibald R.), *Greater America* (Harpers) 16/0  
Scott (S. P.), *History of the Moorish Empire in Europe, in Three Vols.* (Lippincott) net 45/0  
Thorburn (S. S.), *The Punjab in Peace and War* (Blackwood) net 12/6

### Travel and Topography

- Jekyll (Gertrude), *Old West Surrey, Some Notes and Memories* (Longmans) net 13/0  
Hutchinson (Horace G.), *The New Forest* (Methuen) net 21/0  
Davidson, M.A. (Angusta M. Campbell), *Present-day Japan* (Unwin) 21/0  
Gribble (Francis), *The Story of Alpine Climbing* (Newnes), 1/0

### Science and Philosophy.

- Bottoms (S.), *Radium and all about it* (Whittaker) net 1/0  
Albut (Professor T. Clifford), *Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers* (Macmillan) net 3/0  
Macculloch (J. A.), *Religion: Its Origin and Forms* (Dent) net 1/0

### Art

- Clausen (G.), *Six Lectures on Painting* (Stock) net 5/0  
Great Masters, Part XIII. (Heinemann) net 5/0  
Art Workers' Quarterly (Chapman & Hall) net 2/6  
Williamson, Litt.D. (George C.), revised and enlarged by, *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, Vol. III. H—M.* (Bell) net 21/0

### Educational

- Woodward (William H.), *Desiderius Erasmus: Concerning the Aim and Method of Education* (Cambridge Press)  
Wyatt, M.A. (A. J.), edited by, *Chaucer: The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, &c.* (Tudor Press)  
Midd, M.A. (John C.), edited by, *Nature-study Readers, in three Books* (Routledge) Books 1 and 2 1/0 each, Book 3 1/3  
Buckland, M.A. (F. T.), *The Frank Buckland Reader* (Routledge) 1/6  
Millard, M.A. (The Rev. F. L. H.), *A Short History of Elementary Education in England* (S.P.C.K.) 0/3  
Muss-Arnold (W.), *A Concise Dictionary of the Assyrian Language, Part 14* (Williams & Norgate) net 5/0  
Woodhouse, M.A. (W. J.), *The Tutorial History of Greece* (Tudor Press) 3/6  
Pitman (F.), *How to get Speed in Shorthand* (Guilbert Pitman) net 0/6

### Miscellaneous

- Brassey (The Hon. T. A.), *Problems of Empire* (Humphreys) net 6/0  
Atkinson (Thomas Dinham), *English Architecture* (Methuen) net 3/6

- Horne (John), *Starting Points for Speakers, Preachers, Writers, and Other Thinkers* (Oliphant, Anderson) net 2/6  
Banks (D. C.), *The Ethics of Work and Wealth* (Blackwood) net 5/0  
Macdonell, C.B., LL.D. (John) and Manson (Edward), edited by, *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, Vol. IV.* (Murray)  
Barnett, Ph.D. (G. E.), edited by, *A Trial Bibliography of American Trade Union Publications* (The Johns Hopkins Press)  
Upward (Allen), selected by, *Sayings of K'ung the Master* (Orient Press), net 1/0  
Brightwen, F.Z.S., F.E.S. (Mrs.), *Quiet Hours with Nature* (Unwin) 5/0  
Risley, I.C.S., C.I.E. (H. H.) and Gait, I.C.S. (E. A.), *India Census Report, Parts I and II* (Calcutta: Government Printing Office) 7/6 and 6/0  
O'Brien (Mrs. William), *Under Crough Patrick* (Long) 6/0  
Pentonville Prison from Within, by One Who has been there (Greening) 6/0  
Shanks (John), *Some Neglected Aspects of the Fiscal Question* (Glasgow: Bryoe)  
Hancock (H. Irving), *Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods* (Putnam) net \$1.25  
Roebuck (G. E.) and Thorne (W. B.), *A Primer of Library Practice for Junior Assistants* (Putnam) net 1/6  
Waddell, M.B., LL.D. (L. A.), *Report on the Excavations at Patliputra (Patna)* (Calcutta: Bengal Secretariat Press) 5/3  
The Struggle in the Far East, by the Author of "The Expansion of Russia" (Oxford: Bridge & Co.)  
Transactions of the Cambridge Philological Society, Vol. V., part v. (Clay) net 1/0  
Temperance Entertainer, edited by Ernest Pertwee (Routledge) 1/0

### Fiction

- "Souls in Bondage," by Perceval Gibbon (Blackwood); "Celibate Sarah," by James Blyth (Richards), 6/0; "The Peril of an Empire," by Robert Johnston (Chatto & Windus), 6/0; "Felicita," by Christopher Hare (Harpers), 6/0; "Many Waters," by Arthur Tomson (Walter Scott), 6/0; "The Love that he passed by," by Iza Duffus Hardy (Long), 6/0; "The Orangery, a Comedy of Tears," by Mabel Dearmer (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "Rosabel," by Esther Miller (Heinemann), 6/0; "A Woman's Tragedy," by Lawrence L. Lynch (Ward, Lock), 3/6; "A Fairy in Pigskin," by "G. G." (H. G. Harper) (Long), 3/6; "The Crime of the Century," by Dick Donovan (Long), 6/0; "The Hazards of Life," by Violet Tweedale (Long), 6/0; "First Favourites," by Nathaniel Gubbins (Long), 3/6; "A Wise and a Foolish Virgin," by Gertrude Warden (White), 6/0; "The Stone-cutter of Memphis," by William Patrick Kelly (Routledge), 6/0; "A Daughter of the People," by Murray Home (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "Confessions of a Journalist," by Chris Healy (Chatto & Windus), 6/0.

### Reprints and New Editions.

- "Stratford-on-Avon," by Sidney Lee (Seeley), net 2/0; "The Works of Sir Thomas Browne" (Edited by Charles Sayle), Vol. I. (Richards), net 8/6; "The Paston Letters, 1422-1509" (Edited by James Gardiner), Vol. IV. (Chatto & Windus), net 12/6; "The Scots Peerage" (Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul), Vol. I. (Douglas); "The House Healthful yet Economical," by T. M. Shallice (St. Bride's Press), net 0/6; "The Nemesis of Faith," by J. A. Froude (Walter Scott), 1/6; "Merchant of Venice" (Waistcoat Pocket Series) (Treherne), net 1/0; "Letters of Horace Walpole" (Edited by C. B. Lucas) (Newnes), net 3/6; "The Knight of the Toure," by G. de la Tour Landry (Edited by Gertrude Burford Rawlings) (Newnes), net 3/6; "The Watchers," by A. E. W. Mason (Arrowsmith), 3/6; "The MS. in a Red Box" (Newnes), 0/6; "Prose Writings of James Clarence Mangan" (Edited by D. J. O'Donoghue) (O'Donoghue; Gill; & Bullen); "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," by Martin Hume (Naah), 12/6; "Sermons to Boys and Girls," by the Rev. John Kames, M.A. (Allenson), net 1/6; "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon, Vol. IV. (Richards), net 1/0; "The Wealth of Nations," by Adam Smith (Richards), net 1/0; "The Captain of the Guard," by James Grant (Richards), net 1/0; "Mr. Midshipman Easy," by Captain Marryat (Richards), net 1/0; "A Man Adrift," by Bart Kennedy (Greening), 0/6; "The Convict Colonel," by Fortuné du Boisgobey (Greening), 0/6; "The Poetical Works of John Milton," two vols. (Macmillan), net 3/6 each.

### Juvenile

- St. Nicholas, Vol. XXXI., Part I. (Macmillan) 6/0

### Periodicals

- "The Medical Book News," "The Printseller and Collector," "Mind," "Journal of Theological Studies," "North American Review," "University Record," "Pall Mall Magazine," "The Royal," "The Troubadour," "The Dial," "Pictorial Comedy," "Atlantic Monthly," "Boy's Own Paper," "Girl's Own Paper," "Lure Hour," "Friendly Greetings," "Sunday at Home," "Longman's," "Casell's," "Magazine of Art," "The Reliquary," "Ainalee's," "Empire Review," "Temple Bar," "Macmillan's," "Century Illustrated Monthly," "St. Nicholas," "School World," "Woman at Home."

### Foreign

#### Theological and Biblical

- Chantepie de la Saussaye (P. D.), *Manuel d'Histoire des Religions, traduit de l'Allemand sous la direction de Henri Hubert et Isidore Lévy* (Paris: Colin) 16f.

#### History and Biography

- Simon (Gustave), *L'enfance de Victor Hugo* (Hachette)

#### Miscellaneous

- Weber (Dr. Ludwig), *San Petronio in Bologna* (Leipzig: Seemann)  
Blöte (J. F. D.), *Das Aufkommen der Sage von Brabon Silvius, dem Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, Vol. III. H—M.* (Bell) net 21/0

#### Reprints and New Editions

- "Le Forum Romain et Les Forums Impériaux," by Henry Thédénat (Hachette)

#### Periodicals

- "Altpreussische Monatsschrift," "La Bibliofilia."



## TRAINS OF THOUGHT III.—Backstairs

BY G. S. STREET

I HAD occasion recently to talk with an actor and went for the purpose to the stage door of his theatre. An actor's room at the theatre, especially if he is a manager, is a natural place of business for him, of course. I have heard a man of letters, however, object to such an appointment, complaining of the backstairs approach and more especially of a dressing-room for the scene of a business interview, as being unsuited to his dignity. Not so I! On me the stage door, up some narrow alley for choice, the dim porter's lair and the cramped staircase never pall. I trust sincerely that even if I am ever rich and famous no actor will ever suggest coming to see *me*, or appoint his club or private house for a rendezvous. I can go to clubs and private houses any day; for me the stage door! You go up the narrow alley, curiously eyed—and *that's* a pleasure!—by sympathetic loafers; you push open the stage door—it opens to the palm like doors on a stage!—the porter, or whatever the attendant there is called, sends up your card, grudgingly, as one who guards the privacy of a great man; another man beckons mysteriously from above; you go up the narrow staircase and follow him along a passage, where—who knows?—some charming lady in her "make-up" may frou-frou past you; a gentle tap—you are admitted to the sacred room. And let that room, I beg, always be a dressing-room. I love the grease-pots and the paint-pots. I love the looking-glasses and the litter. I love to see the actor change before my eyes as we talk, and I shall never forget the pleasure I had when one, gentlest and most amiable of mortals, turned suddenly and confronted me in a fierce Syrian beard and eyebrows to match. Ah, the stage door and behind the scenes! The mystery, the intimacy, the infinite suggestion! Gently, gently, my muse, we are men of letters.

Thackeray complains somewhere of the dinginess and meanness behind the scenes in contrast to the lights and brilliance of the stage. So do not I. The managers, I am sure, insist on the dinginess and meanness from a native love of dramatic contrast, an artistic sense which for the moment Thackeray wanted. I think it helps to conciliate our affection for Thackeray that in the midst of his many great excellencies he so often lets us feel superior to him. He wanted more light and more brilliance, as who should want a chop instead of coffee after dinner. The complaint is characteristic, a part of his theory of disillusion; just as he would insist that actresses and singers and dancers, so gay and beautiful before the curtain, were all old and haggard and wrinkled behind it. The artistic soul would count it disillusion only if before the curtain the effect cheated his memory; what he sees behind is a fresh experience altogether. But as a matter of happy fact actresses are more often than not as beautiful off the stage as on it, and often far more agreeable, in Thackeray's teeth. Many have talents apter for private than for public success. For myself, I have never been disillusioned in this way, and if I had been the pride of it would have well supported me.

Backstairs! In the theatre or out of it their charm is everlasting. Think of the backstairs of kings and courts, of Whitehall and Charles II. and N—no; we

have heard too much of the hussy, who was by no means the most interesting of those ladies, jolly but rather simple set as they were. There have been wickeder and more dramatic intriguers than those who used the backstairs of Whitehall, but Charles the Second's Court stands as a type of backstairs influence, since there it was so all-powerful. Backstairs influence! The thing itself is generally mean and commonplace enough, but even in these days what an enchantment in the name! Even in these days it suggests all kinds of romance. Backstairs influence! The Minister, stern and business-like, speaks to the deputation, inartistically huddled about. Yes, gentlemen, the demand is reasonable; I will see that it receives due attention. The deputation thanks him in matter-of-fact phrases; its slovenly frock-coats, its baggy trousers, its common commercial faces are shown out. The Minister is alone, and—hist! a mysterious rap. He flushes, wavers, pulls aside a piece of tapestry. A secret panel is pushed slowly open. A beautiful radiant figure enters. She threatens, flatters, cajoles. Then do as you will. I am your slave. She puts forth a white hand, flashing with jewels, seizes the memorial of the Protectionists, Free Traders, War Office reformers, what you will, and tears it in pieces with a triumphant laugh. She had come up by the backstairs.

That is the gay suggestion. Alas for the reality! If we searched very cleverly for backstairs influence in English political life we might find that a Minister's wife, not beautiful but merely persistent, had persuaded a Minister to give her sister's husband's first cousin a very minor appointment. A little while ago the phrase was used (very foolishly) about the decision of a statesman on a question of politics, and it turned out that the backstairs influence meant was that of another eminent statesman, an old gentleman of over seventy, all that there is of the most respectable. Alas for romance! Even a modern king, at least an English king, can give your imagination no assistance based on fact. If he wished he could not confer public honours without public reasons. He can give his private friends the honour of his society—and even that undoubted right will be criticised by the disappointed—and that is all.

A few years ago we heard a great deal of feminine influence at the War Office. But what was alleged was merely that weak officials had yielded to the open pressure and persuasion of ladies in their own intimate society. In any society if men grow weaker, women are apt to grow stronger, and if it is true, as it is sometimes pretended, that our statesmen are of weaker fibre than of old, no doubt the influence of women would gain; not, as with the strongest men in all times, the influence of immemorial arts, but the influence of domineering wills. But *that* is not backstairs influence. There is no fascination for our fancy there.

We must go back to past ages for backstairs influence with really lively and dramatic effects. But the backstairs remain, and I say that they are always delightful. They suggest that you are more intimate, further "ben," as the Scotch say, than before. Even in private houses I will reach my room that way whenever it is possible.

## Egomet

I HEAR again and again that the great age of fine letter writing has for ever departed, that to-day we have no Walpole, no Lamb, no Cowper, no FitzGerald. But who shall sit in judgment on his own times? It is for the generations to come to determine whether we can or can not indite epistles worthy to be read in cold blood, when both writers and receivers are become dust. For my own part I am no pessimist with regard to any branch of literature, I love my own age none the less because I look up with reverent eyes to the giants of the past. May I not be rubbing elbows with giants whom perhaps I cannot recognise as giants because of the number of mighty men of letters who adorn this year of grace? But then, let me tell you of one woman who in the future may be placed upon the shelves of book-lovers, alongside of the most charming of letter writers—Lamb.

My friend, for so I am honoured to call her, is a gentlewoman of a certain age, the age of iron-grey hair, of a seemly lace cap, of sedate walk and of quite becoming crows'-feet. I meet her now and again when she visits our noisy town and more seldom when I go down to pleasant N—, with its grey cathedral, red-roofed houses, busy market, frowning castle and beautiful outlook upon the low-lands lying East. I write to her some half score of times a year and she to me perhaps twice as often. My letters are no letters, but merely notes, saying that I am well or ill, that I am reading this or that book of which I think this or that, or that I have met Jane or Arthur or Wilberforce—cousins of ours—mere notes. But her letters are letters and of the best.

I READ them again and again and seek to solve the secret of their fascination. They convey no information of any intrinsic interest, they do not tell me anything of any one I care to hear about; when analysed they seem to be mere disjointed chatter. After all, is not that the essence of the perfect letter? Walpole's letters are epistles, another matter altogether. A familiar letter should be the written chatter of one friend to another, such exactly are the letters of my friend. She tells me of her toothache, the remedy she has applied to it and its failure or success; she details for me the progress of her garden; she sets forth the difficulties that have presented themselves to her in choosing a new covering for her parlour furniture; these and such like little affairs form the background to the portraits she paints for me of her friends, her enemies and of herself.

THUMBNAIL sketches they might be called; some of the originals I have met in my visits to N—, some I have never seen save in the pages of those letters, but how clearly I have seen them as there set forth, with all their little ways and tricks of manner and of speech. But above all I value the full-length portrait my friend has unwittingly drawn of herself: the portrait of a good, pure, honest-hearted gentlewoman; unselfish, modest, yet with a trusting hope that heaven may be for her. Is there anything in the wide world more to be honoured or loved than such a woman? She makes me proud of humanity.

E.G.O.

## Science

## A Shout with the Crowd

AFTER all, one must follow the fashion. The "literary" men have had their chance with Spencer's "Autobiography" and have naturally taken it. My small knowledge of Greek at any rate suffices to prevent me from calling them critics; because I have seen no sign amongst them of acquaintance with Spencer's work—so that the possibility of *judging* is denied them. But I wish to show, as best I may, where Spencer failed, not that I pretend to admire the motives which cause little people to yap at great people—whom, of course, our imperfect comprehensions can only imperfectly comprehend—but because the study may be of interest to readers of THE ACADEMY who know something of our debt to this illustrious man.

Let us first take the subject of psychology, of which Spencer is a universally acknowledged master. When faced with the old problem as to whether our knowledge is all derived from experience, or is partly *à priori*, Spencer concluded that all our knowledge and forms of thought are *à posteriori*—i.e. the result of experience—to the race, though some of it is *à priori* for the individual. It was impossible, as he thought, to explain such conceptions as those of space, time, motion, &c., as derived from individual experience; he therefore concluded that they are the result of long-drawn racial experience, and that the individual inherits them as *à priori* forms of thought or "innate ideas." This much-admired idea is palpably a compromise. It certainly appears to explain away our difficulties, but it has an unphilosophic look about it, and subsequent psychological and biological study has disposed of it. Certain of the ideas, such as that of space, which Spencer thought to be incapable of analysis, have been successfully analysed, and modern psychology is assured that Locke was right and that all our knowledge, including the very forms of thought, is the product of individual experience. Innate ideas are a myth. Knowing that this conclusion is now some decades old, it was of special interest to me, when seeking for the contemporary Oxford view the other day by reading Professor Case's long, lucid and deeply learned article on "Metaphysics" in the new volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which, of course, he successfully demolishes every metaphysician that has ever lived, to find that his one good word for Spencer consists in referring to this exploded view as a "brilliant suggestion," to which he later reverts for its supposed value.

The ancestral-ghost theory of the origin of religions must also count as, at any rate, a partial failure. No one would care to assert that religions never arose in the manner supposed by Spencer, but, on the other hand, no one would now support him in the view that this and this alone was the manner in which religions arose. Probably Professor Tylor, of Oxford, has added much more to our knowledge in this matter than Spencer did.

Most of us know that, in the words of Mr. John Murray's admirable new magazine "School," Spencer was "the great educational reformer of the nineteenth century." But he was a rigid and absolutely uncompromising opponent of State-education, and prides himself, in his Life, on remaining so at 73, though conscious that practically the whole world was against him. Of course this is not a matter to be decided off-hand, but at any rate, few can deny that there is far more to be



said in favour of State-education than Spencer cared to recognise.

Closely allied to this was Spencer's opposition to compulsory vaccination. He went into this matter when the utility of vaccination had been proved as conclusively as anything outside mathematics can be proved, yet came to the conclusion that vaccination is useless. Of course every one knows that, both in this instance and the last, Spencer was biased by his view of the duties of the State. His *laissez-faire* individualism was a heritage of his youth and it seized upon his mind with never-relaxed tenacity. It is interesting to me to trace the history of the conflict in Spencer's mind between this political doctrine which he had inherited and the doctrine of evolution which he had himself evolved. The victory went to the older and more deeply-rooted conviction. For it is perfectly plain to us that the modern extension of the functions of the State—such as teaching children and protecting them against disease—might conceivably have been predicted centuries ago, by any one who had the formula of evolution as part of his mental equipment. The law of specialisation which Spencer worked out with such invaluable results in so many other directions, must apply here also, on his own assumption that evolution is a universal process. Hence the curious result that later thinkers, without his early bias, but entering unbiassed into the heritage with which he dowered them, have almost unanimously rebutted their teacher's conclusions as to the functions of the State in this and many other directions.

Of course I am not so foolish as to assert that of the thousands of ideas and conclusions which Spencer left us, there are not several others that have yielded to the criticism of men who have made a life-study of the particular branch of thought to which they relate; but I have tried to select the most conspicuous and important instances in which various details of the synthetic philosophy are being modified. As its author once said, when some enthusiastic admirer, who had somehow missed the whole lesson of the law of evolution, declared that it would last for ever—"Shall my words be the only things in the Universe that do *not* evolve?"

C. W. SALEEBY.

### Personalities: Mr. H. H. Davies

**T**HERE exists a popular theory that the dramatic critic and the dramatist should be two separate individualities; Mr. Hubert Henry Davies is a living witness to the fallacy of such an arbitrary distinction. Mr. Davies is an Englishman—one of our brilliant young moderns—who crossed the Atlantic at an early age and took up the position of musical and dramatic critic to the "San Francisco News Letter." The critic was an earnest student with a purpose in life, and he devoted much of his spare time to learning those subtle tricks of dramatic art which, unfettered by convention, are so necessary to the construction of a good play.

Never once did Mr. Davies lose sight of the end in view, and at last his chance came; Mlle. Pilar Morin, the talented artist who was recently taking the leading part in a Japanese play at the Tivoli, commissioned him to write a short sketch to be produced by her at a benefit performance for the Red Cross Society in connection with the Spanish War. The result was Mr. Davies' first essay in dramatic art—"A Dream of Love"—enacted one afternoon at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco.

This fascinating sketch was played by Pilar Morin a

short time ago in the Victoria Hall, Hôtel Cecil, at a reception given in her honour by Mrs. Heron Maxwell, and it is to be hoped that other opportunities of witnessing it will be afforded to London playgoers.

Mr. Davies next went to New York, where his name had become known through the very favourable notices



MR. H. H. DAVIES

written on his dream play, which had attracted much attention in San Francisco, and he now made the acquaintance of Mr. Frohman. This well-known manager lends a theatre once a month to Mr. Sargent, the dramatic coach, for the use of his pupils, with the right of securing for himself any play they perform. When a one-act drama from the pen of Mr. Davies—"Fifty Years Ago"—was produced, Mr. Frohman arranged for its public presentation; the play was a great success, exceptionally good notices of it appeared in the New York papers, and Mr. Davies thus created for himself a public in the Eastern as well as in the Western centre of American dramatic art.

Genius, ambition and energy were, however, destined to win for the young playwright even greater honours. He came to London bringing with him as capital three new plays which were disposed of in a very short time. One of them went back across the Atlantic at the request of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the charming young actress who made such a remarkable success as a ghost in the "Shades of Night," the curtain-raiser to "Cousin Kate" when last that play was running at the Haymarket Theatre. She accepted "Cynthia" when she had read the first act, and produced this comedy at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in March of last year; circumstances have fully justified her premature verdict. Miss Ethel Barrymore is in England, and "Cynthia" is to be produced at a West End theatre very shortly. The remaining two-thirds of Mr. Davies' capital—"Mrs. Gorrings' Necklace" and "Cousin Kate"—fortunately fell into the hands of London managers, and who shall say that either Sir Charles Wyndham or Mr. Cyril Maude committed an error of judgment in accepting the manuscripts of a playwright previously unknown in England?

Mr. Davies is a great favourite with his friends, for he has a generous disposition, is loyal to the companions of

his youth, and, as may be easily imagined, has a keen sense of humour, which adds considerably to the charm of his unaffected style of conversation. He is devoted to his brother, who is a clever artist, and success, which is so often an element of discord in families, has only served to strengthen the bond of union between these two men. His remarkable memory and observant eye should be powerful factors in the perfecting of his life's work—that work with regard to which he is so reticent. In his own words he is desirous that it should "speak for itself." It has already spoken clearly enough to announce him as an ideal writer of realistic comedy, and with sufficient force to assure us that our aroused curiosity will not suffer from his personal modesty.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

## Dramatic Notes

**I**N "The Rich Mrs. Repton" Mr. Carton has nearly achieved a fine comedy, as it is he has provided an entertaining but unconvincing mixture of comedy and drama; the comedy is wrecked by the introduction of drama, as it ever must be, and the drama is reduced to a bundle of old stage tricks by being pitchforked into the midst of a comedy. How is it that our present-day dramatists will persist in leavening their comedy with melodrama? Mrs. Repton is, as the title of the play tells us, rich, and she is also, as she would tell us herself, "a good sort." She sets aside a part of her mansion to be used as a club by her impecunious male friends, who, by the way, appear to be sufficiently well-to-do to obtain their clothes at expensive tailors and to have enough petty cash to be eternally smoking cigars and cigarettes. Among the frequenters of the club are the impecunious Lord Charles Dorchester, the tame cat Kempshaw and Paul Rance, a dramatist. The last and the first are rivals in love, and Mrs. Repton is the *dea ex machina* who settles the fates of her *protégés*. All is bright, light, witty, amusing, until the unnecessary melodrama, in the shape of a couple of blackmailing blackguards, a man and a woman, is introduced; then at once we begin to weigh the why and the wherefore of everything and to test the motives of the persons of the play, and all falls to pieces.

THERE is not very great scope granted to any of the performers in "The Rich Mrs. Repton"; most of the work is allotted to Miss Compton, who plays in her accustomed hard style, a touch of geniality in voice would be refreshing; the only other actor who really leaves any impression on the memory was Mr. Eric Lewis, who was quite delightful as Kempshaw. Mr. Lewis is always the same and always amusing, but this sameness must, of course, militate against the impression of reality made of any play in which he appears, and surely he is too clever an actor not to be able to give us some variety in look, tone and gesture in his next impersonation? Some of our most popular performers are always alike, no matter what may be their part. They should remember that such sameness destroys illusion, and should reform it altogether.

"THE FLUTE OF PAN," Mrs. Craigie's original comedy in four acts, met with an extremely enthusiastic reception at Manchester on Thursday last. Miss Olga Nethersole as the Princess Margaret—a part utterly unlike Sapho, Magda, and Carmen—delighted and as-

tonished those who have maintained that comedy was not included in her gifts. Some important scenes in the third and fourth acts were much disturbed by bad, loud and inexplicable incidental music which was due, no doubt, to inefficient stage-management. Mr. Gilbert Hare—who has perfect diction, distinction of manner and the art of showing real power even under the lightest dialogue—appeared to brilliant advantage as the representative of a Royal House of more antiquity than strength. As a character study no praise would be too high for his performance, and when he is word-perfect his scenes should bear comparison easily with those of the best successes of the best French comedians. Miss Sarah Brooke was most *piquante* as a "morganatic cousin"; she made all her points with a light sure touch, never struck a false note or blurred an effect. As Lord Feldershey, Mr. Edward Fielding produced a highly favourable impression on the audience. He has a good presence; he does not strike attitudes; he was often nervous but he was always a gentleman. The rôle is not an easy one for a young actor, because it is not written in the sham-heroic style for the so-called gallery, which is becoming, by the by, very weary of vulgarity. The part of Lord Feldershey has to be played with dignity, reserved feeling, a sense of humour and the ease which comes only from long experience of the stage and the world. On the whole, therefore, Mr. Fielding can be congratulated. Miss Helen Ferrar as the hero's handsome mother was excellent. She was always "in the picture," and all her lines were received with keen interest. Miss Esmond and Miss Bourne as ladies in waiting were exceptionally good. It would be interesting to dwell at some length on Miss Nethersole's performance. The rôle of the Princess Margaret is far more subtle than the very raw sketch of Daudet's Sapho as adapted by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Miss Nethersole's Sapho is remarkable in many ways; she means it to represent a repulsive type degraded and unloved, and she plays it with fierce courage. But in "The Flute of Pan" she has to show tenderness, charm, gaiety, pure love, and, in the abdication scene, something approaching real tragedy. She succeeded in her task, and when she has filled out the details of her present reading the creation should take rank with her finest, as it is certainly her most sympathetic work.

THERE is much of human nature and therefore much of merit in "The Wheat King," the play founded by two American ladies on the late Mr. Frank Norris' novel, "The Pit." I have not read the story, but it would be easy to guess, and guess correctly, from various loose ends in the play that it had been founded upon a book. The theme of the play is the spirit of gambling, not at the board of green cloth or upon the turf, but in the wheat market. Too many details are given of the life of those who deal in wheat in "The Pit," for after all the interest of the play lies not in its realistic detail, but in its strong, broad picture of a strong man eaten up with the lust of winning dollars by gambling in wheat. The contest necessary to a play of human interest is between the man, Jadwin, the Wheat King, who lives for business only, and his wife Laura, who, going to the opposite extreme, asks her husband to make his home the centre of his life. As I have said, there are various ragged ends which should be cut off. Jadwin shows signs of incipient illness, which never develops, as I am told it does in the book, and in the same way a match-box plays a large but purposeless part in Act ii. The scene in the Pit, too, is unnecessary for the development of the play, and is merely a spec-



tacular scene which cannot be carried out properly on so small a stage. Take it for all in all, however, this play is strongly human, and therefore warmly welcome.

Of the players only two need be mentioned. Curtis Jadwin was excellently well acted by Mr. Murray Carson; it is a powerful piece of character drawing and is powerfully realised by the actor, who admirably conveys the growth of the fierce, absorbing spirit of speculation, and is truly pathetic in the last scene when the Wheat King is dethroned and finds peace and welcome in his wife's arms. As bright, amusing Miss Page Dearborn, Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay—who bears an honoured name—is capital, as lively and personable a young woman—or lass—as has been our fortune to see for many a day. This new recruit should go far. Altogether a play to see.

"OP O' ME THUMB," recently produced by the Stage Society, is now being played at the St. James' Theatre in front of "Saturday to Monday." Luckily most of the original cast are available, including Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who shows something akin to if not actually genius in the name part, Miss Bussé, who acts excellently as one of the laundry girls, and Mr. Nye Chart as the costermonger. An interesting little play admirably performed.

## Musical Notes

THE musical references in Herbert Spencer's Autobiography are not very numerous, but one or two are interesting. Take the following, for instance, on the subject of opera, written after the young philosopher's first visit to Covent Garden (or was it Her Majesty's?) in 1845:

"I was dreadfully disappointed. I was not roused to an emotion of anything like enthusiasm during the whole time. The inconsistency of recitative dialogue, the singing words of wholly opposite meanings to the same harmony, etc., etc., so continually annoyed me as to destroy all the pleasure due to the music or the story. Neither was the effect of the music so great as I had anticipated. The effects of its several parts were not powerful enough to render them fit portions of so large a composition. The structure wanted a massiveness more in proportion to its size. As it was it gave one the idea of rickettiness. It seemed to me that a series of pretty airs and duets did not constitute an opera as rightly conceived."

The opera referred to in this passage was "La Sonnambula," and there is probably not a single cultivated musician to-day who would not endorse the foregoing judgment so far as it relates to that particular work.

BUT what is rather curious—or would be so if it were not quite readily explained—is that though Spencer diagnosed so clearly in this way the weaknesses of old-fashioned opera, he failed to perceive in later years, when he came to hear Wagner, that the objections which he had formulated in the case of the earlier works no longer held good—that it was in respect of these very points in fact that Wagnerian opera constituted such an enormous advance on all that had gone before. Opera is, of course, a convention and the "inconsistencies of recitative dialogue" which Spencer condemns are part

and parcel of that convention; yet in Wagner they are diminished to the smallest extent possible—it is a more logical and consistent convention which Wagner employs than can be found in any other opera writer. Again the "singing words of wholly opposite meanings to the same harmony, etc." totally disappears from the Wagnerian scheme; while the greater massiveness in the general structure of the musical framework which Spencer desiderated is certainly realised in his scores.

*A priori* therefore one might have thought to find Spencer hailing Wagner as that ideal operatic reformer which in point of fact he was. In reality one finds him recording as follows his impressions of a visit to one of the Albert Hall concerts in 1877:

"As we came downstairs the lady of the party was accosted by an acquaintance with the question—'Well, how did you like it?' To which her reply was—'Oh, I bore it pretty well'—a reply which went far to express my own feeling. I discussed the question with the Leweses, who had been to these same performances; and though George Eliot, herself a good musician and a cultivated judge, said that the music pleased her, yet she confessed that it was lacking in that dramatic character which it especially aims at—did not give musical form to the feelings which the words expressed. I remember observing of two songs, quite different in the sentiments verbally embodied, that the melodies might just as well have been exchanged. Moreover, I observed that the musical phrases were very generally of kinds to be anticipated. They were not like those of true musical inspiration which suddenly discloses beautiful combinations one would never have conceived, but they were of familiar types."

Such judgments, George Eliot's included, read strangely enough, it must be confessed, to us who, nearly thirty years later, have come to love our Wagner as the most inspired dramatic composer that music has ever known.

APPARENTLY, however, Spencer never saw one of the master's works on the stage. Had he done so he might conceivably have been induced, like others, to change his earlier views. Another passage on the same subject goes to show that one element at least of Wagner's strength he clearly perceived:

"I came to the conclusion that he was a great artist, but not a great musician: a great artist in the respect that he understood better than other composers how to marshal his effects. To make a fine work of art it is requisite that its components shall be arranged in such ways as to yield adequate contrasts of all orders: large for the great divisions and smaller for the sub-divisions and sub-sub-divisions; and that there shall be contrasts not of one kind only but of many kinds. Wagner, I think, saw this more clearly than his predecessors. Complex music as ordinarily written is not sufficiently differentiated."

Spencer seems to have perceived too, what is, of course, a commonplace to-day, how greatly Wagner's orchestration gained from his employment of his instruments in families or groups when he wanted certain effects. But how incredible it seems that any one who had ever heard, say, the "Meistersinger" overture or the "Tristan" Liebestod, as doubtless Spencer had, could have pronounced their composer "a great artist but not a great musician"!

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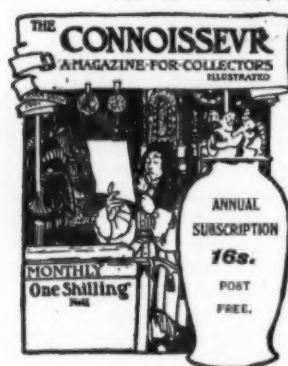
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## Art Notes

At the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street is a most interesting exhibition of work by Mr. Forrest, whose oil painting places him, at a bound, far above any work he has so far given us, except perhaps the excellent portrait of Gladstone in church. He shows some sixty paintings of Morocco, painted with the restricted palette necessary, as the process printers hold, for the best results in three-colour reproduction; and he tackles the problem with a sharp eye for those results, as is proved by the excellence of the few specimens from these paintings which Messrs. Black, of Soho, are about to collect together into one of their handsome books of colour pictures. The largeness of the handling, the breadth of the colour, and the procuring of strong colour values by placing pure colour strokes side by side rather than by making the paint muddy by mixing of tints, all make for most successful reduction for illustration. But Mr. Forrest's mastery of his craft would end in little if it were not for the charming gifts that go to the making of his pictures. He shows a feeling for "situation," as the stage folk call it, and for character, both in regard to the people, their manners and walk and gesture, and in regard to their surroundings and way of life, which is perhaps only fully appreciated by such of us as have lived amongst them. The whole effect of the exhibition is one of freshness of sight, and of quick appreciation for the telling features of the people of Morocco and their land, whether in the "Going to Market," the large "Well—Tangier," in the "Grain Market—Mogador" or the "Travellers by Night." And the white and lilac scheme of "The Narrow Way" shows what subtle values may be got by a clever craftsmanship from what seems a crude and very limited palette of seven colours.

At the Goupil Gallery Mr. Bertram Priestman has a one-man show of his landscapes; and it is always a pleasure to brood over work which displays a true poetic sense, a fine feeling for the greens and greys and darks and lights of fields and streams, work which is always distinguished by great beauty of colour, seen with a large breadth of vision, and set down within the four sides of the frame with a strong decorative sense that landscape-painters only too often lack.

At the rooms of the Alpine Club, off Conduit Street, the members of the '91 Art Club hold their exhibition, amongst the most successful portion of which the crafts claim the leading place. There is a little miniature entitled "Sue" which is altogether charming.

VERESTCHAGIN, the Russian artist who went down on the ill-fated battle-ship outside Port Arthur, met his death in the way that he would have chosen, at least fittingly. His name is nearly forgotten in England to-day—indeed the tragedy of his death alone brought him back to fame, for his success here was a success of scandal, which, poor fellow, he of all men was the last to desire and least deserved. His pictures of war were attacked for their brutality, and I well remember my surprise on entering the rooms where they were hung to find that they were the ordinary thing, treated with restraint and calm judgment—works not to be compared for fire and emotion with the words of his catalogue. I had expected to find the ghastly sort of horrors one associates with Goya's terrible etchings; but any school-girl might have been taken to see them without a flutter. Indeed his technique was not of the best, though he



wrote strongly on the faults of the Old Masters. His life's work would have passed over the edge of the world and been forgotten; but the manner of his death will make him immortal.

As these lines are a-printing, I shall be walking the galleries of the Royal Academy, making notes for criticism; but there is one criticism which I should like to record before seeing anything—except what all the world may see without the shilling—the colossal equestrian figure in the courtyard of Watts' "Physical Energy," an awful and inartistic name, by the way, for a statue. Why not "The Horse and its Rider" or "Strength," or "Power," or "Manhood"? However, to his eternal shame, did not Stevenson commit the literary vulgarity of calling a book of English essays "Virginibus Puerisque"? And were not Ruskin's names for many of his books worthy of a shopwalker who has smattered Latin at a Polytechnic? Think of the man who invented the splendid "Seven Lamps of Architecture," calling an English book "Munera Pulveris"! To say nothing of "Fors Clavigera"! But to get back from literary vulgarity. Surely a rich national institution like the Royal Academy can afford to give critics a season ticket? And that, too, for "critic and friend." And, above all, surely the artists who contribute to the whole success of the Academy's annual enrichment should be entitled to go with their families to the Private View.

THE dealers' galleries in the Haymarket are always well worth a visit—and both Messrs. Tooth and Messrs. McLean have treasures upon their walls this season. Messrs. Tooth have their anteroom devoted to the fine landscapes of Fritz Thaulow, who shows here a wider range than is his wont outside Paris—from his sunlit "Village on the Dordogne," to his chill river scene where the sluggish stream rolls between snow-covered ice-bound sides. His very fine night scene "L'Idylle" is here also, and his "River in Normandy." Harpignies sends a characteristic and beautiful "Sous Bois," and there is a delightful Corot. A good Diaz, a dainty Orchardson, and a gemlike Rico add their attraction to a show that contains many valuable works.

MESSRS. McLEAN, amongst other good things, show one of the most beautiful Harpignies I have seen for many a long day; and Corot's "Hay Cart" also hangs on their walls. There is a charming example of Alfred Stevens, one of his fashionable beauties of the 'seventies, in a pink dress—how wonderfully Stevens recorded the women of that day. Here also is one of the most masterly examples of Muller's classical manner in his splendid landscape "Tivoli." Whilst Le Sidaner is represented by his exquisitely poetic "Une Impasse."

At the Ryder Gallery, in Albemarle Street, is an exhibition of paintings by Mr. Vigers; and Mr. John Varley shows a number of water-colours of Egypt at the Hanover Gallery in Bond Street; at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries in Bond Street is an exhibition of the work of a famous living engraver, Mr. Joseph Pratt—ranging from his well-known large steel engravings of animal subjects after Peter Graham and Rosa Bonheur to his fine mezzotint plates after the eighteenth-century portrait painters, work for which his apprenticeship to the splendid master of mezzotint, Lucas, particularly fits him. The large mezzotint of the King after Luke Fildes' portrait is here amongst his other work.

## Correspondence

### Kant's Ethical Principle

SIR,—Your contributor, who kindly refers to me as "my friend," seems to think that Kant's "noble life" is a refutation of his doctrine of "radical moral evil." May I suggest that such a remark does very scant justice to the great thinker's keen insight and moral depth? What his doctrine really meant is expressed by Bunyan's words when he saw a murderer being led to execution, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan"; by La Rochefoucauld's maxim, "Il y a des gens de qui l'on peut ne jamais croire du mal sans l'avoir vu; mais il n'y a point en qui il nous doive surprendre en le voyant"; Pascal's "Pensée," "L'homme conçoit une haine mortelle contre cette vérité qui le reprend et qui le convainc de ses défauts . . . Il met tout son soin à couvrir ses défauts et aux autres et à soi-même, et il ne peut souffrir qu'on les lui fasse voir ni qu'on les voie"; by the confession of the Apostle Paul, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do"; and by the acknowledgment even of Rousseau, "Il n'y a pas d'homme qui n'ait d'odieux défauts."

No nobility of life in any of these great men could blind him to the "radical moral evil" in human nature; and if science loftily assures me that this ought not to be and cannot be, I am constrained to reply, in the name of literature, like Molière's heroine, "Hippocrate dira ce qu'il lui plaira, mais le cocher est mort."

I trust that your readers will forgive me for returning to this question, which possesses a literary interest nearly as great as the moral interest.—Yours, &c.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

### "Of"

SIR,—Prepositions govern the objective, but the word "mine" is in the possessive, hence "friend of mine" is grammatically wrong, no matter what may be its force colloquially in sentences like "He is no friend of mine"; and even so would not "He is not my friend" or "He is no friend of me" be equally emphatic, while being more strictly correct? "He is no friend of mine" seems equivalent to the clumsy, and withal nonsensical, sentence "He is not a friend belonging to that which I possess."—Yours, &c.

J. B. WALLIS.

### "What Makes Her"

SIR,—So far none of the answers to my query touch the point that I mooted. Coleridge writes "What makes her," while all of the answerers give "What makes she," as does the editor of whom I complain. "You" may be either the nominative or the objective; but "her," as I take it, is the subject of the infinitive "to be," understood. Can any one give me another example?—Yours, &c.

JOHN B. TABB.

### Lord Acton

SIR,—I read in an extract from an article by Mr. John Pollock, quoted in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, that Lord Acton said on some occasion: "I was once with two eminent men, the late Bishop of Oxford and the present Bishop of London (Stubbs and Creighton)." There is evidently some mistake here. Bishop Stubbs survived Bishop Creighton by some three months. Bishop Creighton died a week or two before Queen Victoria. Bishop Stubbs preached before King Edward VII. the Sunday after Queen Victoria's funeral. Hoping I shall not seem hypercritical.—Yours &c.

H. B. F.

[Many other letters are held over for want of space.—ED.]

Owing to pressure on our space the Chess Column is crowded out

## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

### COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The prizes will go to those Questions and Answers which are deemed to be of the greatest general interest and brevity in all cases will count as a merit.

The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given.

Each prize-winner in the United Kingdom will be advised that a credit note has been sent to a bookseller in his (or her) immediate neighbourhood and that on demand he (or she) may choose a book or books to the value of 5/-. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" will imply disqualification.

No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

### Questions

#### SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE JUBILEE.—Could any of your readers inform me the date and particulars of the first jubilee in honour of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon? It was, I believe, known as "Garrick's Jubilee." Why was this?—*R. H. Wilson* (Tooting).

"LIKE A CHURCH."—"II. Henry IV." Act ii. scene iv. l. 243.  
Falstaff: A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll: I' faith and thou followest him like a church.

What is the point of this simile?—*E. W. Hendy* (W. Didabury).

"A LONG SPOON."—I find this in Shakespeare, as an imperative "to sup with the D—." But what is the origin of the saying?—*W.F.*

#### LITERATURE.

AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any one tell me who it was who said, "I would sooner have written 'The Christian Year' than have won the battle of Waterloo"?—*Malta*.

STEVENSON'S EPITAPH.—In the epitaph written by R. L. Stevenson for himself there occurs the following line:  
"And I lay me down with a will."

In using the word "will" did he mean his Last Will and Testament? It will be remembered that the learned novelist was at one time a member of the Scottish Bar, and would therefore know of the advisability of leaving a Will to regulate the succession to his means and estate.—*King Coyle* (Glasgow).

SCENES IN "IVANHOE."—Templestowe in "Ivanhoe" is identified with Temple Newsham, near Leeds. Can "Coptanburst," "Rotherwood," "Torquiltone," &c., be identified with places still extant?—it being remembered that the site of the great Trysting Tree in Hartill Walk is commemorated by a young oak planted two or three years ago by the Duke of Leeds.—*Seathelock* (Workop).

\* "TUSHERY."—Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Letters" refers to "The Black Arrow," and romances written in a similar style, as "tushery." What is the exact meaning and origin of the word?—*G. E. Wakerley* (Nottingham).

EARLIEST SONNET.—What is the earliest example of the sonnet in English literature? The earliest I can find is by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, but I think there must be some earlier.—*B.* (Dublin).

#### GENERAL.

FEMALE PSEUDONYMS.—Is there any instance in English literature of a man having written under a woman's name? Some have conjectured that Fiona Macleod is a man, but with the exception of this possible instance I can find none.—*B.* (Dublin).

"KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN."—Whence is Ireland's poetic name, Kathleen ni Houlihan, derived? Does it commemorate some famous heroine of that name, or is it of symbolic significance?—*Deirdre* (Dublin).

COINCIDENCES.—How are we to account for these name-agreements in the Revised Version of Ezekiel xxxviii.—Rosh, Muscovy, Tobolsk, Hindu-Koosh, Turgoman, Persia, &c.?—*W.F.*

\* AN OLD EPITAPH.—The subjoined is copied from a tombstone in St. Dunstan's, Aldersgate, London. There is some "catch" in the reading of it, but I never met any one who could explain it. It is said that the late Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Tennyson both spent hours on hours trying to translate the lines and neither succeeded. Can any reader give the correct rendering either in Latin or English?

Qu an tris di o val stru  
Os gus ti ro um nere vit  
H an Chris mi t mu la

—Provincial (S. Shields).

"HOPE AGAINST HOPE."—I find "To hope against hope" defined as "to hope without hopeful prospect." I should be glad if it could be explained to me how this latter meaning can be expressed by the actual words "hope," "against," "hope," or how it has come to be so expressed by them.—*H.T.*

"GOOD-BYE."—What is the significance of the common farewell—"Good-bye"? Does it mean good or God by, you—thus bearing relationship to the Irish "Slán leat," and the French "Adieu"?—*Deirdre* (Dublin).

"PETER OF BARNET."—This is the title of a poem containing the following lines:

It chanced that on the cold wet field we found  
A mountain daisy blooming all alone.  
I paused and spoke of Burns, the Scottish bard;  
Peter had heard the name,—I then conned o'er  
The lines unto the daisy in a tone  
Most tender and affecting.—Peter looked  
As he would look me through,—he could not ween  
Of feeling for a flower, and yet he felt  
A kind of sympathy, that overpowered  
All his philosophy.

I am inclined to think the passage is Robert Southey's; but his poems have been searched in vain. Can any reader trace it?—*A.K.* (Denbighshire).

### Answers

#### SHAKESPEARE.

SONNETS.—The late Oscar Wilde proposed (in "Blackwood's Magazine") a theory that the hero of the sonnets may have been some youthful actor who played female parts, and suggested that his name may have been William Hughes (of the W. H. of the Dedication, and Sonnets xx., cxxxv.).—*R. B. Boswell* (Uxbridge).

#### LITERATURE.

\* "THINK LONG."—All over the North of Ireland the expression "think long" is used familiarly for "to pine," "to weary," "to be homesick," "to be lonely." A child at school would "think long" for his mother—a lover for his lady. No North of Ireland person would see any difficulty in Milton's phrase—he would take it to mean that the "wolves wait, and pine, or weary, till they devour thy tender docks." I have more than once found North of Ireland phraseology in English books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—*K.K.* (Belfast).

BACON.—Answer received from A.G.

\* "GENIUS."—Carlyle's dictum in "Frederick the Great" as to "genius" meaning "transcendent capacity of taking trouble, first of all" is probably a reminiscence and a judicious modification of Buffon's more unguarded words: "Le génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande attitude à la patience." "Disc. de l'éducation à l'Acad." Hogarth is also stated to have pronounced "genius" "nothing but labour and diligence."—*R. B. Boswell* (Chingford).

#### GENERAL.

"TAKING A SIGHT."—Putting the right thumb to the nose and spreading the fingers out. This is done as much as to say, "Do you see any green in my eye?" "Tell that to the marines," "Credat Judeus, non ego." Captain Marryat tells us that "some of the old coins of Denmark represent Thor with his thumb to his nose and his four fingers extended in the air," and Panurge (says Rabelais) "suddenly lifted his right hand, put his thumb to his nose, and spread his fingers straight out" to express incredulity.—*M. M. Dobrée* (Colwich).

"PHILOMOT."—Answers received from A.G. and F.E.G. (Dublin).

"TICKHILL! GOD HELP IT!"—This is not the form in which I have known it for more than thirty years. The saying runs: "Tickhill! God help him!" (or "you"). Thus: "Where are you from?" "Tickhill!" "Then God help you!" "Where does he belong?" "Tickhill!" "Then God help him!" It is said of this place that it is "God forsaken!" and "The last place God made and never finished!" I do not think the phrase is older than the making of the Great Northern Railway, which cut off Tickhill from direct traffic from London northwards, destroying its prosperity as a market town, and at the same time put an end to the Great North Road coaching systems.—*Thos. Ratcliffe* (Workop).

"THE ADVENTURES OF DON BELLIANIS."—From App. II. of Mr. John Ormsby's translation of "Don Quixote" I learn that "Historia del valeroso y invencible principe, Don Belianis de Grecia," published at Burgos in 1547, was written "by Jeronimo Fernandez, a Madrid advocate. There is an English translation of which an edition in chapbook form was current in the last century" (i.e. the eighteenth). I possess a copy of this translation. It is a 12mo of 120 pages bound in calf, and the title page contains the following full account of the contents: "The Honour of Chivalry, or The famous and delectable History of Don Bellianis of Greece, containing The valiant Exploits of that magnanimous and heroic Prince, Son to the Emperor Don Bellaneco of Greece. Wherein are described, the strange and dangerous Adventures that befel him: with his Love towards the Princess Florisbella, Daughter to the Soldan of Babylon, Translated out of Italian."

Sed tamen est tristissima janna nostra,  
Et labor est unus tempora prima pati.

London. Printed for H. Woodgate and S. Brooks, at the Golden-Ball in Pater-noster Row. (Price One Shilling).—*E.G.B.* (Barnsley).

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.—Scotland, called Caledonia, "cool-y-dun" or high forest land, by the Romans, was Albyn to the Gael; but it became Scotland under the Dalriads, a colony of Scotti from the North of Ireland who settled in Cantyre and Argyle. They came over under Fergus Mac Erc about the year 475, and his great-grandson, named Aedan, became first King of the Scots in Britain; Ireland or Hibernia was fern to the ancient Greeks, and these Scotti were locally called Cruithne, meaning "tattooed," and they are first called Scotti by Ammianus Marcellinus in connection with the Picts, who were also painted or tattooed Britons, who retreated to Caledonia before the Roman advance; this was about the year 361 A.D. and it thus appears that the Scotti came at first, before their final settlement, as allies or mercenaries of the Pictish kings. Claudian the Roman poet, living about 361, names the Scotti, with one "t"; so scotched, a form of tattooing by incisions in the flesh, which made the colours more permanent than mere superficial painting as with wood. It is usual to accept the statement of Bede, the ecclesiastical historian, as final, when he states the "Scotti qui Britannia incolunt"; while Ireland was then the "Insula Sctorum."—*A.H.*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been despatched to the several winners and to the booksellers whose names follow:

Messrs. Cambridge & Co., 16 Wheeler Gate, Nottingham.  
Mr. W. F. Boynton, 21 Hudson Street, Tyne Dock, South Shields.  
Messrs. Mason & Son (Limited), 17 Donegall Street, Belfast.  
Messrs. Davis (Limited), 1 Victoria Buildings, Epping, Essex.



